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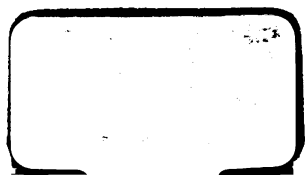
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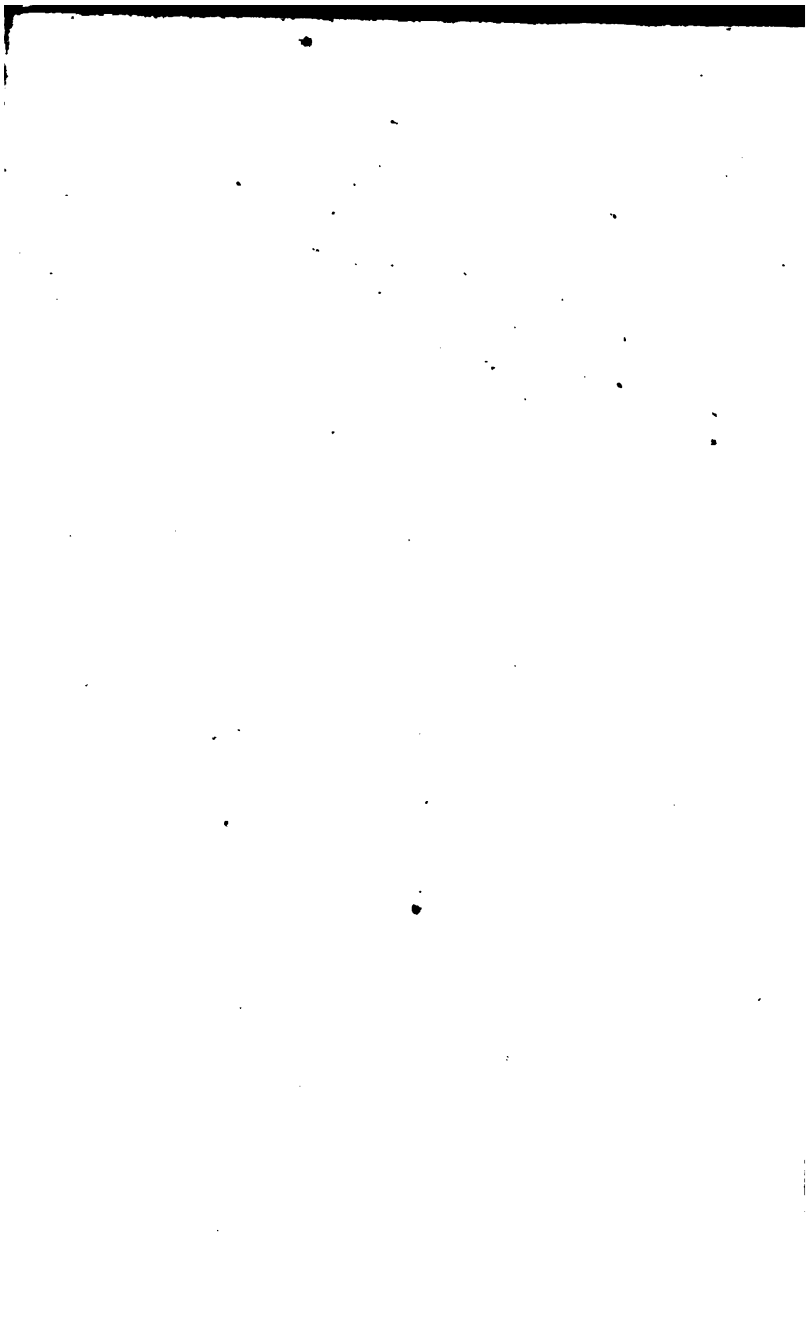
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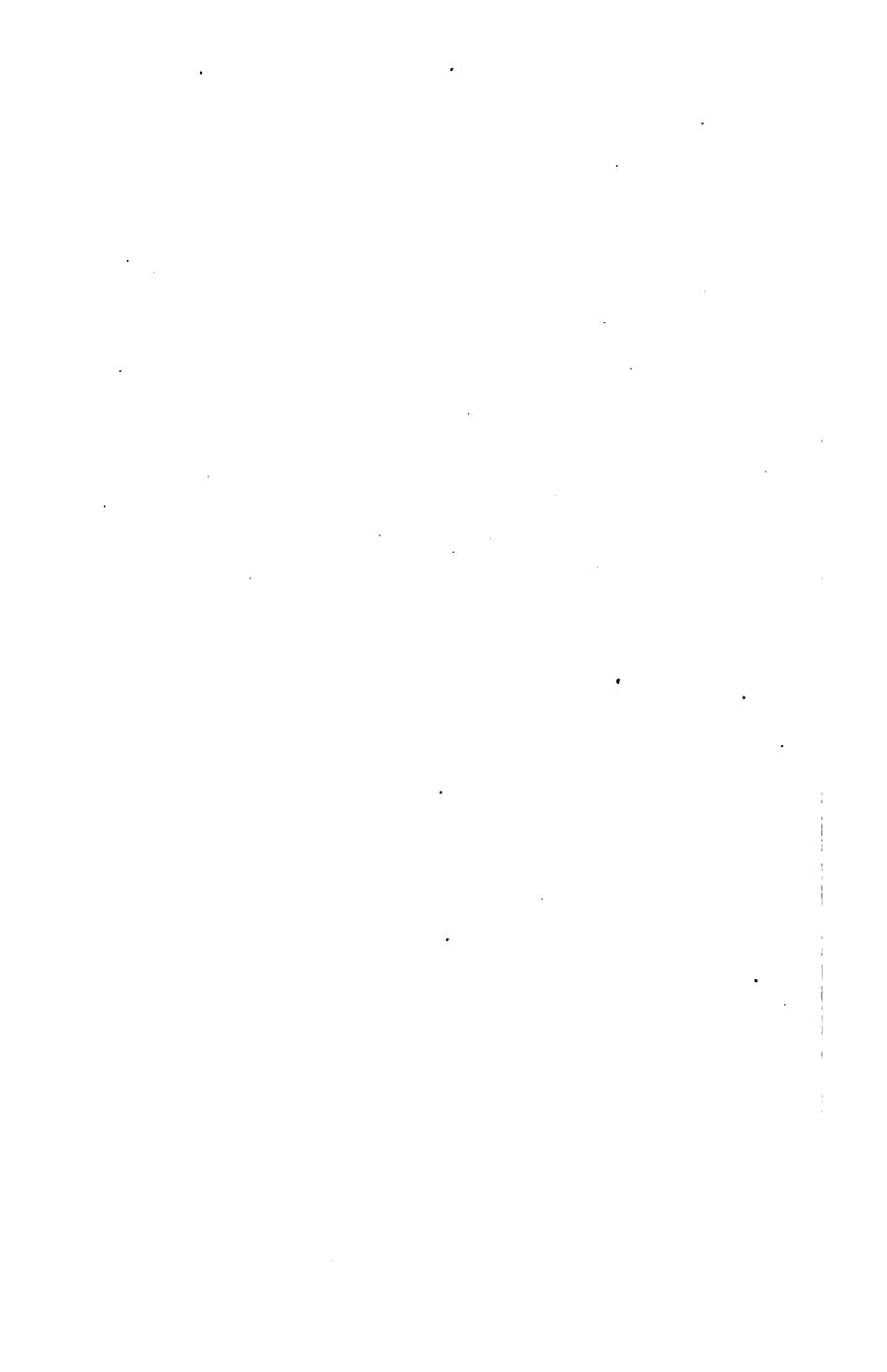
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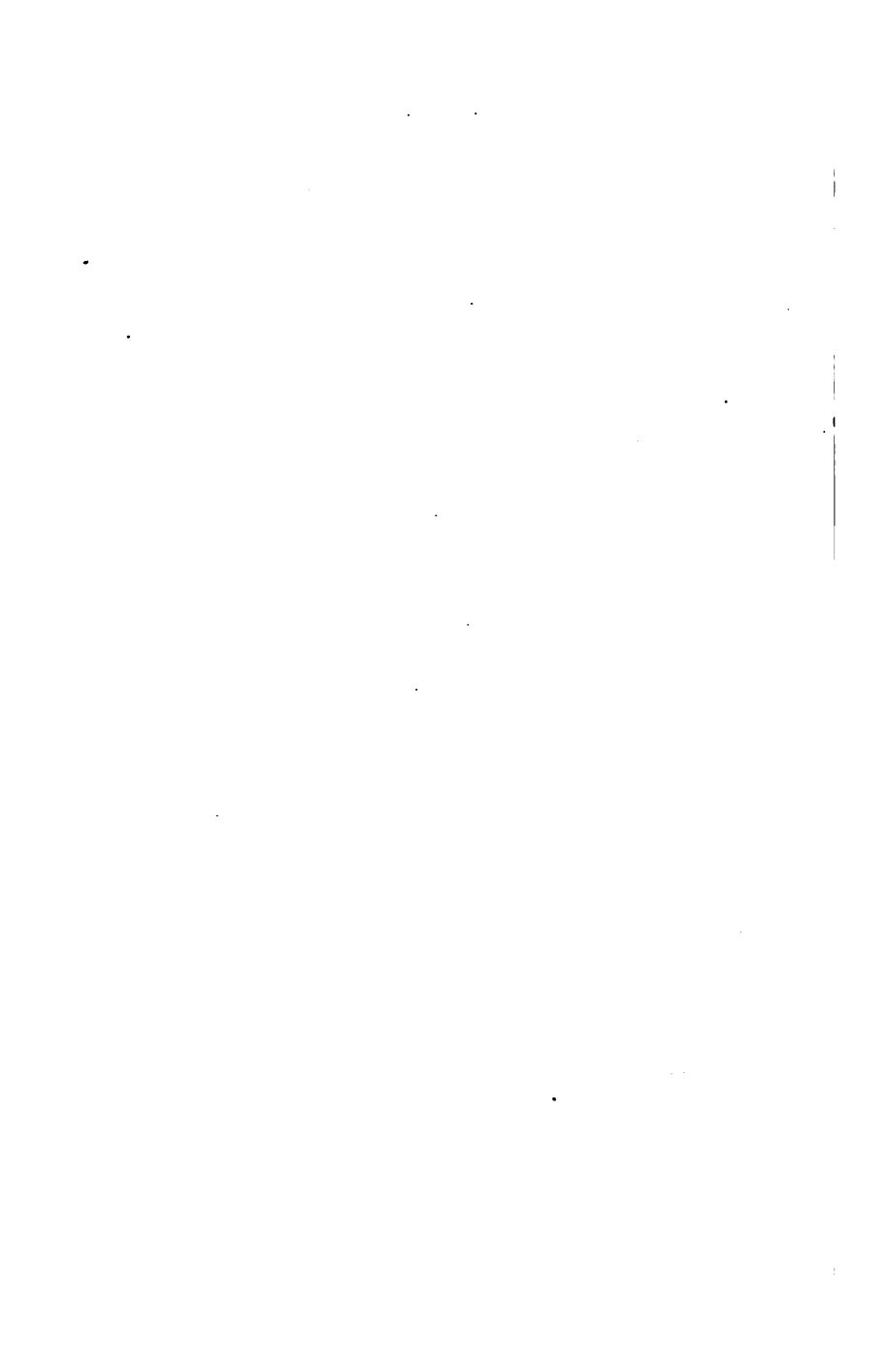








POEMS.



POEMS

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

BY

H. I. D. RYDER

OF THE ORATORY.

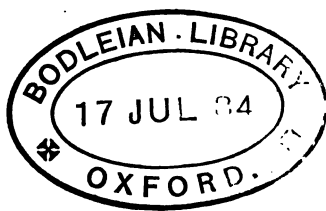
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TO

AUBREY DE VERE

AS A SLIGHT EXPRESSION OF REVERENCE

FOR ONE

WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN

A HAPPY BLENDING OF FIDELITIES

TO HIS CHURCH, HIS COUNTRY, AND HIS MUSE

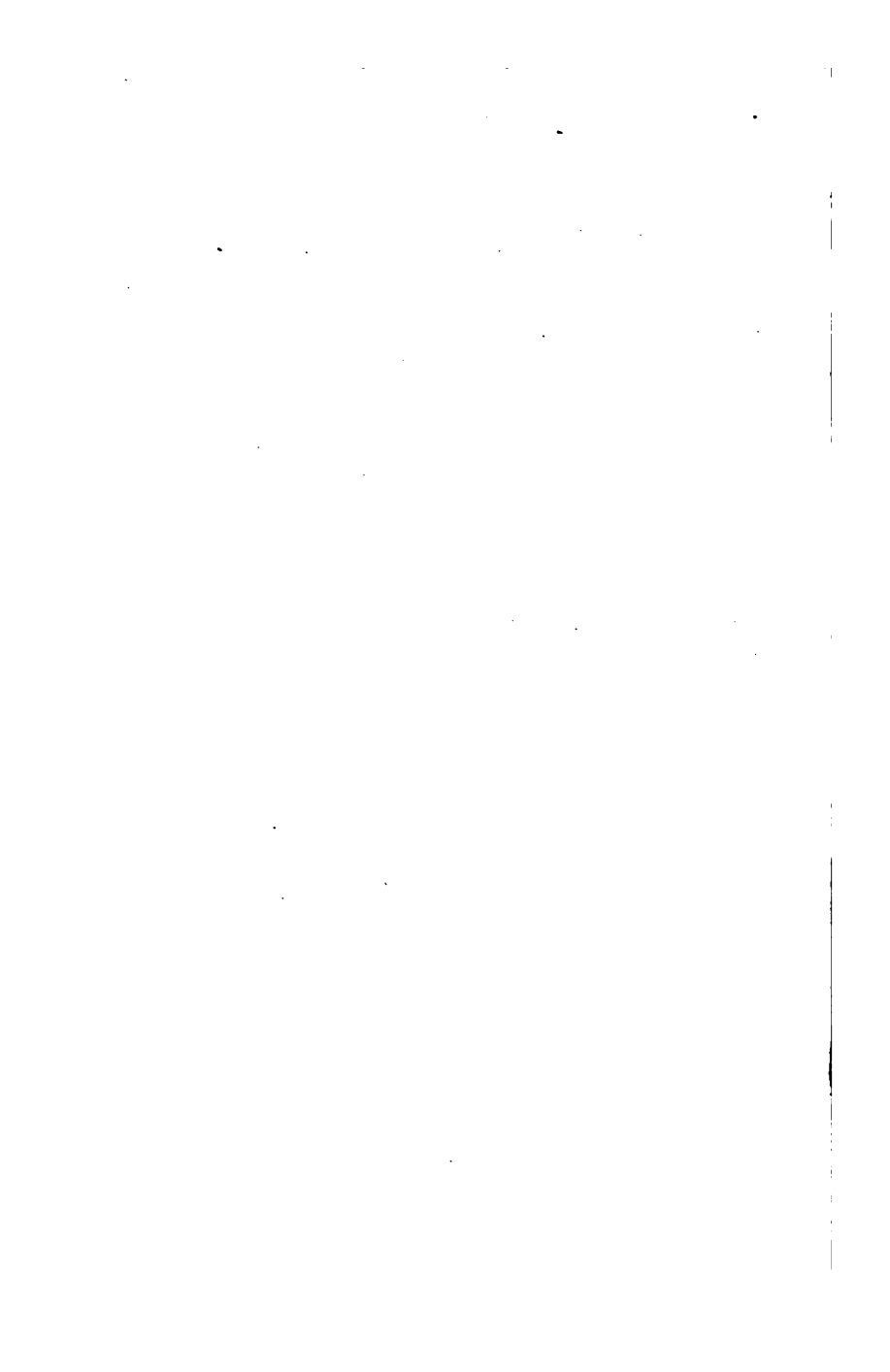
IN AN AGE

WHICH PRESENTS BUT FEW EXAMPLES

OF ANY SUCH CONJUNCTION,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

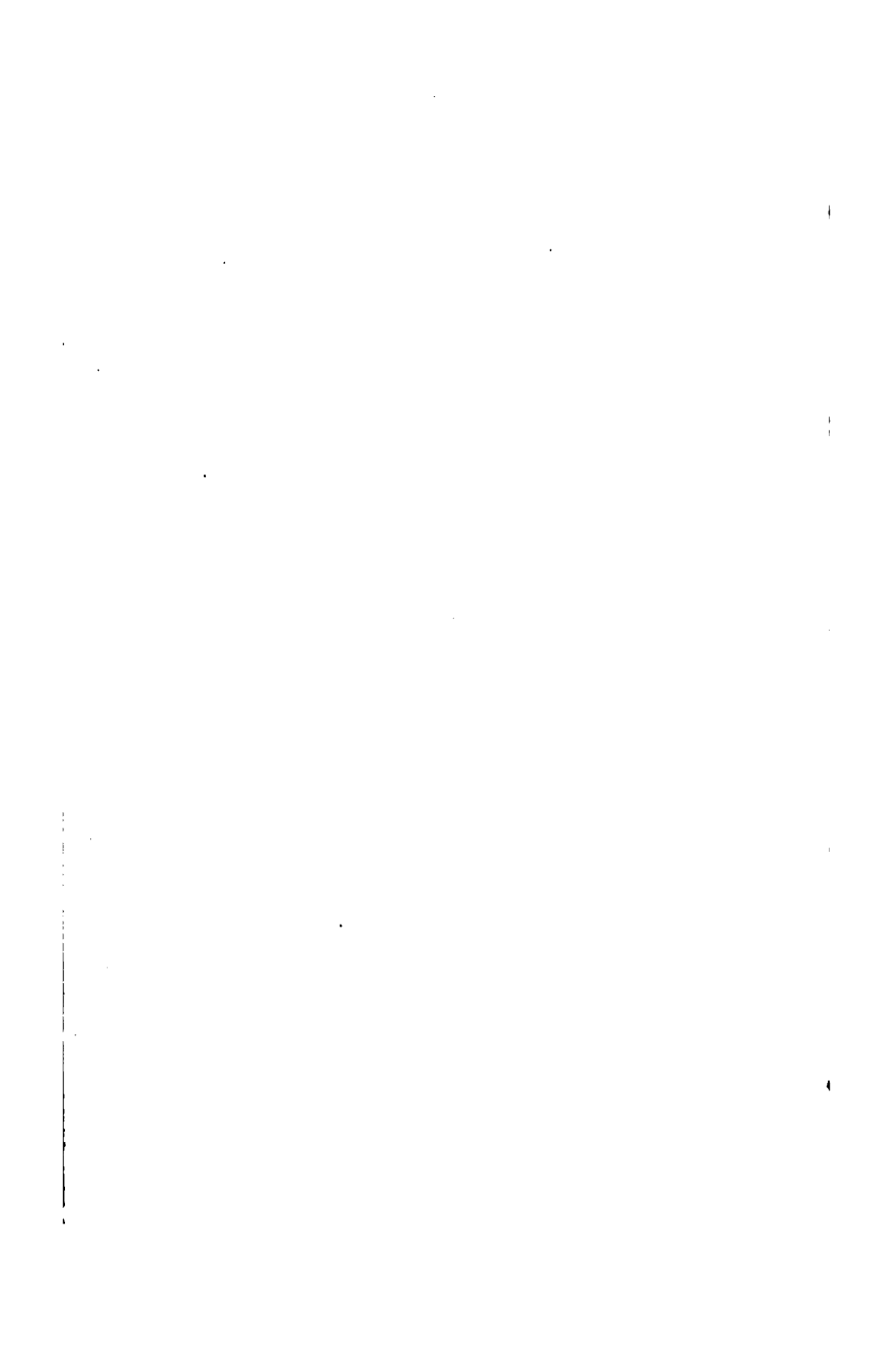
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PREFACE.

THIS volume is a selection from compositions whose dates range over a quarter of a century. The Author feels that the earliest date thus indicated could never have afforded a solid plea for indulgence ; and still less now, when he deliberately accepts the responsibility of publication : this much, however, it may be as well for him to say.



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P o e m s .

POEMS.

THE POETS' PURGATORY.

A DREARY plain before mine eyes was
spread,
On every side high-girt with frowning hill;
A sun above was hanging dull and red,
No pleasant sound was there of babbling rill
Or any living thing, but voiceless all and still.

Those rugged heights no shadow ever threw
Athwart the grass drought-sick and deadly sere,
For that red sun was motionless, nor knew
Or merry dawn or evening's peaceful cheer,
Or season's grateful march to lead the moving
year.

Liker a funeral lamp it seemed to be,
Dependent in some sad death-haunted cave;
The gracious sounds of insects' summer glee,
The voice of breeze, the plash of restless wave,
The silence-wearied ear might ever vainly
crave.

Anon methought across the sallow plain
A pallid band of ghosts their way addressed,
On every face the dreadful stamp of pain,
From ceaseless searching after banished rest,
And every weary brow with withered bays was
dressed.

Their feeble hands still grasped the wonted lyre
That whilome echoed the melodious lay;
But the fair show of high poetic fire
From those sad eyes had wholly passed away,
As from the blighted sun had passed its genial
ray.

But ever and anon their lyres they strook
As they would win some music to their mind;
The silver strings beneath their fingers shook
With feeble murmuring querulous and blind;
Some harshly broke in twain no craft of theirs
could bind.

As near they wandered I might plainly mark
Full many a bard upon whose lips had hung
Applauding thousands, spite the envious bark
Of would-be critics, others that had sung
In low mysterious strains to those who round
them clung :

Votaries of nature who had found their joy
In echoing the praise of field and flood,
Winning a rapture from each floweret coy
On river bank or in the fragrant wood,
From all but Him who made the source of all
their good.

Their souls had drunk of beauty as a wine;
Nature had spoken secrets in their ears;
Theirs was the rare intelligence Divine
That caught the music of the starry spheres;
Yet had they dreamed of time and not the
eternal years.

Others were there—the worshippers of man,
Proud of the garments of his fallen state,
Who in despite of the mysterious ban
Crushing his virtues 'neath its deadly weight,
Had hugged the cruel chains that reason bade
them hate.

Their theme was virtue, and their song was fair;
Of generous friends who for their friends had
died,
Of patriots who had met with bosom bare
The shock of battle or the rack defied,
Of many a noble soul whose life and death was
pride.

That beauty gone to which their souls had
cleaved,

In piteous guise they trod the weary plain,
The flowerless waste their feeble spirits grieved,
Untouched by sun, unvisited by rain ;
They mourned the vanished joys that might
not come again.

And if they scanned the faces of their friends
To catch the light of some inspiring thought,
Such as in woe the noble spirit sends
The gloom of sorrow's deathly trance athwart,
They learned that mortal man without his God
is naught ;

That the fair gifts that God has made his dower
Must unto Him their grateful fruitage yield,
Not crown the idol of the passing hour ;
That the blind thirst for beauty is not healed
At any wandering stream, but at the fount un-
sealed.

Yet some there were who of their poet's crown
A verdant leaf, a fragrant flower had hung
Before God's altar, 'spite the bad world's frown,
And in their better moments who had sung
"Glory to God on high" with no untuneful
tongue :

Who 'mid their wanderings still had owned the
charm

Of the fair star that calms the stormy sea,
The gracious Queen who ever shields from harm
The souls of those who to her mercy flee,
Nor ever leaves her friends to perish utterly.

And so methought it was that in their woe
They were not wholly comfortless, but found
The tender melody of music flow
About their souls, as distant bells may sound,
More felt than heard, along the tingling ground.

For them the plain had nooks of stealthy
flowers,
Which other eyes less favoured might not see ;
Their fevered brows oft felt refreshing showers
Although the heavens without a cloud might be,
So paid the Queen of Heaven their feeble
ministry.

And as I looked, behold a silver moon
Dawned in the forehead of the sullen sky,
And the sad plain half waked from out its swoon
Beneath a gale of heaven that winnowed by,
Breathing a tale of hope and angel-sympathy.

And then I knew that there would be a time
When, purged from taint of their idolatry,
Some lyres with angels' harps should fairly
 chime
In God's dear praise beyond the starry sky,
Where tears are wiped away, where rapture
 cannot die.

THE WORKHOUSE—A FRAGMENT.

THIS age of progress let its poets sing,
I sing the workhouse—a more real thing,
By far more palpable, at least to those—
The pauper crowd its courts and wards en-
close—

Those many souls who manywise have lost
Their hearths and homes and live at parish
cost;

The young, the old, the vicious, and the good,
Who fled their ranks, or fighting bravely stood
In spite of sickness, age, and want of bread,
Hoping 'gainst hope till every hope was dead,
To meet the inevitable doom at last,
Foreseen more clearly as each year has past.
Yes, from the cradle even to the tomb
The poor of England see the workhouse loom.
Before their birth it clouds their mother's
face,

To crown their age, the climax of disgrace

In various styles the giant structure stands,
Vast as the palaces of other lands ;
Before the mania for the picturesque,
And all the follies of the style grotesque,
When English mansions shewed a stolid face
Of heavy brick for architectural grace,
Such was the workhouse, such its heavy stare.
We see it yet, though every year more rare ;
For since the Goths have ruled the public
mind,

Our parish guardians will not be behind.
Behold! the poor-house in monastic guise
With spires and pinnacles invades the skies,
And flimsy Gothic courts the wandering
draught,

A pasteboard model of the catch-cold craft ;
While grinning gurgoyles of the dragon kind
Refine the taste, and raise the pauper mind.
God help thee, poor unwilling cenobite,
Stripped as thou art of every private right,
And oft, alas ! of private virtue too ;
One of a wretched sordid wrangling crew,
A pauper brotherhood, the only one
That haughty England will not, cannot shun ;
No brotherhood of common hopes and aims,
But of discomfort and of cruel shames.

Each against each in opposition stands,
The stronger clutching from the weaker hands,
While cruel scandals and calumnious lies
Swarm in the place as thick as summer flies
That buzz and sting, and sting and buzz again,
You know not which, most venomous or vain.
The holiest ties that God has made for man
Are sternly snapped to suit a wooden plan :
In separate ranks beneath a strict command
Husband and wife and hapless children stand.
Once in the week the mother meets her child,
Lest love repressed should drive her wholly
wild.

Tyrannic laws, despite of common sense,
Her seven days' love to one short hour con-
dense,

That hour too often time enough to find
A blighted body, a corrupted mind,
To mark the blotches on the forehead fair,
And wonder how her darling learned to swear.
An easy shift upon the workhouse stage
From blighted childhood to dishonoured age.
'Tis pitiful to mark the grey-haired crew,
Marshalled like boys or soldiers on review,
Querulous, weak, and restless evermore,
Like ghosts that glide upon the Stygian shore,

Sadly subservient to the pert command
Of some trim Hermes with official wand.
Their life-long habits all uprooted lie,
In the uncongenial atmosphere to die,
And with the burden of an old man's care,
The irksomeness of school-boy life they bear.
Some friendless quite, some by their friends
forgot,

The pains of age they know, for them its joys
are not :

Not theirs to bask beside their cottage door,
As poets sing that grandsires did of yore ;
No child takes thought their failing taste to
please,

No children's children throng about their
knees ;

Their strange dull food they have no heart to
eat,

They cannot rest them on their rigid seat ;
No friendly arm their tottering feet to stay,
Sadly they creep along their cheerless way,
Till, wholly broken by neglect and pain,
They seek the bed they may not leave
again.

The meanest actor in the part of death
Commands a sympathy of bated breath,

A just concern for that most solemn change
From all we know to what is wholly strange ;
However slight his part upon life's stage,
The dying man is aye a personage,
And, dying, has a voice that should be heard,
Not drowned in what is trivial or absurd.
Death in the workhouse, where so many die,
Dons for the nonce the parish livery.
See in yon room close crowded, bed by bed,
Where naught divides the living from the
 dead,
Two bedrid paupers quarrel o'er their tea,
With one betwixt them in his agony,
As though the king of terrors only were
The Board of Guardians' licensed scavenger.
Another man who cannot last the day,
Too weak by far to expostulate or pray,
With eager eyes that strain their weary sockets,
Watches the nurses turning out his pockets ;
His little hoard some sordid want supplies ;
For aught they care he curses God and dies.
So daily die our poor, and we, meanwhile,
Regard the workhouse with complacent smile,
Rejoice that we are prosperous and free,
And all the land clean purged of beggary.

IV. KINGS, IV. 15-17.

"A HOSTILE leaguer girds us round,
A host against but two,
No hope at all for us is found,
Alas ! what shall we do ?"

The morning light was resting
Upon the Syrian foe
Samaria's plain investing
With tents of gleaming snow.

The ruddy beams were glancing
From many a steel-clad band,
On fiery steeds advancing,
The pride of Syria's land.

The trumpet's call was sounding,
The eager war-horse neighed ;
Among the hills resounding,
A martial echo played.

"My Lord !" the servant said,
"Lift up thine eyes and see,
The city is surrounded,
We may no longer flee."

The prophet wakened slowly
From out his trance of prayer ;
His look was calm and holy,
No fear at all was there.

He marked how round the city
The hostile lines were drawn,
And smiled a smile of pity,
With just a touch of scorn.

He saw his prostrate servant,
And said, " My son, arise !"
And then, in accents fervent,
" Open, O Lord, his eyes !

" Shew him that Thou forsakest
None who put faith in Thee,
And that a way Thou makest
In their extremity.

" Behold, my son, how few they be
Who count themselves our foes,
Compared with those bright ranks you see
About our ramparts close."

And when the servant looked again,
He saw a wondrous sight :
The Syrians still were on the plain,
In muster of their might.

But all the mountain round about
Was thronged with armed forms,
Without or martial clang or shout,
Silent as brooding storms.

From those unnumbered ranks was flung
A radiance bright and keen,
As on the mountain side they hung,
The town and foe between.

And chariots and steeds of fire
Along the mountain passed,
The ministers of heaven's ire,
Swift as the tempest's blast.

What mortal arm may dare the fray
Against Jehovah's name,
When strong archangels bar the way
With swords of restless flame.

About the prophet of the Lord
Was drawn that bright array,
In his defence to lift the sword,
And sweep his foes away.

Bethink thee, Christian soldier,
When the world's voice is loud,
And ever waxeth bolder
The scoffing of the crowd ;

When most thou feelest lonely,
As one against a host,
That their great odds is only
A false and feeble boast.

That there are by thee ever
Whom yet thou canst not see,
Angelic bands who sever
Thy angry foes from thee.

THE WORLD.

**"EAT, drink, and play, to-morrow we must
die."**

The same wild words that when the world was
young

Found utterance in those dark and evil days,
Before the waters of the deep were flung
Above the mountain summits, and man's ways
Were blotted out beneath an angry sky,
The self-same words still echo in mine ear :
The weary world has learned no other cry,
No stronger spell against obtrusive fear :
"Eat, drink, and play, to-morrow we must die."

As though the memory of a bygone feast
Could fill the void of that most dark to-morrow,
For the poor hearts that thirst to be released
From the stern pressure of a present sorrow.
"Revel and feast and crown the goblet high,
And lead the riot through the livelong night ;

Turn a deaf ear unto the warning cry
Which saith the East is kindling into light.
Assuredly the craven watchers lie,
Or else they have imagined in their fright
That the dread Lord was nigh."
So sings the world, and bids her votaries quaff
The cup of pleasure till it all be spent ;
So whilome sang, and with her hollow laugh,
Watched the avenging waters' calm descent,
Till in one mighty flood the scattered streams
were blent.

. . . "juxtaque veterrima laurus
Incumbens aræ, atque umbra complexa Penates."
Æneid, ii. 513.

THAT ancient bay in Priam's sheltered
court

On Priam's earliest joys its leaves had shed,
Of him and his it was the last resort ;
Beneath its shade his grieved spirit fled,
Where once the child had played the aged man
lay dead.

There is a pathos in the happy past
To soothe the agony of present woe ;
The thought it brings that neither this can
last,
That gentle burden of time's ceaseless flow ;
Music that care-wrung hearts alone can fully
know.

A BIRTHDAY.

“**M**ANY happy returns”—yes, that
was the phrase
I used to hear in my early days,
A pleasant greeting of “auld lang syne,”
Which has long since ceased for birth-
days of mine ;
I look at my letters and think “perhaps
Some kindly soul may forget the lapse
Of time, since we were young, and I
Deemed birthday rites would never die.”
I hope, yet scarcely hope, to find
Assurance I am borne in mind
By some one, whom it matters not—
I would not wholly be forgot.
Alas ! there’s nothing here but bills,
And this small box a box of pills !
If friends forget you, tradesmen won’t :
Perhaps it is as well they don’t,

But why should they their favours shed
To-day on my devoted head ?
Surely to-day of all is one
That might be sacred from the dun.
I seat me in my well-worn chair ;
I sigh, and hum "begone dull care ;"
Amusement half and half regret,
Combined philosophy and fret ;
The firelight flickering in mine eyes,
In sober sort I moralise
On human life's antithesis,
Upon that picture and on this.
Youth eats the cake, maturer age
Must soothe with drugs the stomach's rage
The young enjoy, but, older grown,
Must pay the score they scarce will own.

In infancy we all are kings
As every year our birthday brings ;
We are the burden of a song,
The centre of a merry throng ;
We claim allegiance few deny,
They least, who know how quickly fly
Those childish joys, how utterly
The brook is in the river lost,
That darkening, deepening, tempest-tost,

Is hurrying to the sea.
With other toys that had their day,
The birthday crown is laid away ;
The kind familiar circle breaks,
The child into the man awakes ,
From all his past removed as far
As transatlantic exiles are ;
And strange as one whose vessel lay
At night within his native bay,
And ere his sleep-bound eye could mark,
Had slipped its moorings in the dark ;
Who waking wastes a searching glance
Upon a featureless expanse.
Another hath my crown, and I
Would pay him homage cheerfully ;
As surely as it once was mine,
'Tis his to-day by right divine.
Once to have been or seemed a king
Is not a mean or trifling thing ;
'Twere worth the labour of the wise
So fair a dream to realise ;
No childish wreath that fades away,
A crown, a throne that lasts for aye, -
Unflagging mirth without alloy,
God and the good to wish thee joy ;
In that society a king
Unenvied and unenvying.

LAUGHTER.

THE world's laugh, the world's laugh,
Is hardly to be borne ;
It is the wind that parts the chaff
From the solid golden corn.

Hither and thither the chaff flies,
And out through the open door
Heavy and rich the grain lies
Upon the granary floor.

But one day the world's laugh,
Which now doth lord it so,
Shall fail and sink with the light chaff
Into the fire below.

And the solemn thunder of God's laugh,
The breath of Almighty scorn,
Shall drown for ever the world's laugh
And may of none be borne.

DISCONTENT.

THE world's poor bedesman half my
days,
A weary, weary life I lead,
And still my hungry soul I feed
On scraps of love and scraps of praise.

The proffered cup is brimming high,
And sparkles crown the fragrant wine;
But ere I make it fairly mine,
The half is spilt, I know not why.

The friends to whom I trust my heart
Are good enough, are true and kind;
But so I am not wholly blind,
In them I have but little part.

For kindness there is kindness due,
And gentle words their like beget,
But there is aye a barrier set
Between the hearts that most are true.

Who hath not God he dwells alone,
For all his goodly company ;
In vain his skill, he lacks the key
To make the world of God his own.

A single-hearted, careless man,
Along the way that he may go,
Wins more of love from friend and foe
Than any sordid gleaner can.

A dreary life, a dull expanse,
Is round me, look I where I will,
With no extreme of good or ill
To break the unfeatured circumstance.

With proud war trumpets in mine ear,
Methinks that I could play the man,
Charge like a hero in the van,
And meet the worst without a fear.

Alas ! the world is not a plain,
Where two contending armies stand,
God's and the fiend's on either hand ;
But interspersed we lose or gain.

Scarce we distinguish friend from foe,
So faint the cognisance they bear :
Of good or ill the dubious share
We guess at best, but may not know.

DISCONTENT.

25

**With foes without and foes within,
A fight that still begins again ;
Worsted we lose a life in vain,
Winning we know not that we win.**

A LEGEND FROM RODRIGUEZ.

'T WAS in the month of opening flowers,
The jocund month of May,
And fresh and green were the forest bowers,
And merry the wild bird's lay,
As a youth in the brightest of youth's bright
hours,
Was wending his joyous way.

White was the palfrey on which he rode,
And the wealth of his golden hair
Over his silken vesture flowed,
That was woven of tissue rare ;
A gayer steed was never bestrode
By a youth more gallant and fair.

The beams of the summer sun were straying
Through the clefts of the beechen shade
And the shadows of flickering leaves were
playing
On the paths of the forest glade,
Where hyacinth bells with their gentle
swaying
A whispering music made.

The voice of the lark from the sky was
falling
In ripples of golden song,
From his high tree tower the dove was
calling,
"Why lingers my love so long?"
The voice of the spring all hearts en-
thralling
Moved the bright woods among.

The youth's blue eye it answered brightly
The smile of the cloudless sky,
The heart in his bosom bounded lightly,
As that of the lark on high;
Each wild-wood song with its cadence
sprightly
Found in that heart reply.

And he said, "I trow 'twere a pleasant
thing
Thus ever to wander on,
And away for ever all thought to fling
Of the years that are past and gone;
Of another heaven let poets sing,
For me there is only one."

But hark ! on the wings of the wind is
springing
A high mysterious song,
And the inmost depths of the wood are
ringing
With the breath of its music strong,
That now on high in the air is winging—
It cannot to earth belong.

The sylvan voices are silent all
In the thrill of that joyance keen,
And a pulseless hush on the wood doth fall,
And all its cloisters green ;
It does the heart of the youth appal,
As he listens with changed mien.

And now in haste to the earth he springs,
Drawn by a mighty spell ;
From his onward course the boughs he
flings
With a longing he may not quell,
To learn what voice it is that sings
From the depth of the forest dell.

When lo, outstretched on his grassy bed,
A lazarman he sees,

The hand of death is upon his head,
And 'neath the fell disease
The flesh from his palsied limbs had fled,
Like the fall from autumnal trees.

But on the face with anguish torn
A wondrous glory lies,
The brightness of another dawn
Is waking in his eyes ;
While from his lips so pale and worn
High notes of rapture rise.

“The shackles of my spirit break,
Dear Lord, beneath thy hands,
And soon with Thee my way I take
To happier, brighter lands,
To join on high for thy dear sake
The glad angelic bands.

“Haste, then, O Lord, thy work complete ;
The world is sad and cold,
And I would rest at thy dear feet
In the celestial fold,
To hymn for aye with praises meet
Thy mercies new and old.

"He comes! this prison-house of clay,
That hath my torment been,
Melts fast beneath his touch away,
I see his glory's sheen;
He wills I should no longer stay,
Upon his breast I lean."

The weeping youth upon the ground
Bends low his humbled head,
Till in the air the last sweet sound
Has into silence fled;
He knows that angels stand around
That dying leper's bed.

And when at length he lifts his eyes,
That happy soul had flown
On those calm lips the assurance lies
That God has called his own,
To dwell in light beyond the skies:
The youth is left alone.

Slowly he leaves the hallowed place,
And goeth on his way,
The image of that placid face
Before his eyes away:

Again he hears the voice of birds,
And knows the earth is fair,
But in their brightest songs the words
Ring in his ears, "Beware !

The gladness of the world you see
Is only for a while,
Its freshest joys fade utterly
Beside that leper's smile."

MARIE ANTOINETTE.*(An incident.)*

PALE but composed the stately queen passed
on

Amid the clamour of her eager foes,
Within her eyes the light of empire shone,
Though white her hair with sorrow's sudden
snows.

In decent matron guise those locks were bound,
Her prison-garments neatly trimmed and fair,
As though to hide the deep and deadly wound
The angry crowd would fain have seen her bear.

And now she stands within the hall of doom,
Now at her judge's bidding takes her seat;
Triumphant vengeance in that crowded room
The forms of justice ill might counterfeit.

Her calm eye wanders o'er the motley throng,
Banded together by their common hate;
With brow unchanged she marks the menaced
wrong

Of those who scarce her certain doom will wait.

The scum of Paris is collected there,
With evil passions surging at the flood ;
The very judges on their faces bear,
Hardly disguised, the hideous lust of blood.

Women are there in little save the name,
Whose highest boast is loss of womanhood ;
With savage eyes that gloat upon the shame
Of her who once in pride of place had stood.

A dreadful list of charges, new and old,
The accuser thunders 'gainst the fallen queen,
And all the story of her life is told
Since she upon the throne of France had been.

The queen had plotted 'gainst the people's
weal,
So runs the charge, and used her treacherous
art
From the wronged land its monarch's love to
steal,
And break the ties that bound a nation's heart.

Nay, more than this, she was a faithless wife,
Feigning the love that was her husband's bane ;
And the dark tenor of her private life
Too well accorded with her noxious reign.

Calm sits the queen, her stately head unbowed,
Her soul in converse with the eventful past,
Recking but little of the menace loud
Her angry foemen at their victim cast.

Upon her chair her fingers gently play,
As one that doth some soothing strain evoke,
Some relic of a brighter, happier day,
Haply unscathed by sorrow's cruel stroke.

The accuser pauses, and the people's eyes
Turn fiercely on the still unruffled face ;
Their angry threatenings yield to blank surprise
And wondering silence holds them for a space.

The charge proceeds ; by this most traitorous
queen
False to her country, falser to its king,
Has nature's holiest tie abused been ;
The royal child has felt his mother's sting :

His infant years she has not feared to stain
With foul debauch and lewdness not his own ;
Maternal arts his innocence have slain,
The seeds of vice his mother's hands have
sown.

At the foul charge a voiceless horror fills
The mingled throng, and heads are bowed in
shame ;

While many a heart with keen emotion thrills,
The mother's voice defends her outraged name.

Proudly she rises, with the sudden glow
Of indignation on that marble face,
That tear-blanced face where tears had ceased
to flow,

Flushed with resentment of the foul disgrace.

"Women of France ! adjudge my cause," she
cries ;

"Tell the false man that he has never known
The mother's love which his foul tongue belies ;
For the fair fame of France this monstrous
charge disown."

Clear and unfaltering, as in days of old,
Along the hall her silver accents thrill,
And hearts are kindled that had long grown cold,
And feel remorse which hatred could not kill.

In the fierce crowd an angry murmuring wakes,
Like surges thundering on a distant shore,
Then gathering strength their eager cry out-
breaks

Against the accuser they had cheered before.

Thus for a moment, like a breaking wave,
That seems to stagger ere it strikes its prey,
The people paused : but there was none to
 save,
And frenzied hate resumed its deadly sway.

EPITHALAMIUM

CHRIST and his Mother be the guests
to-day,
Never to go away ;
Good wine in store ;
A full life's drinking, and, when life is past,
The good wine kept till last,
To fail no more.

THY STEWARDSHIP.

WHAT hast thou done for God, what hast
thou sent

To heavens's bank of all that God has lent,
What put to noble use, what idly spent ?
Thou must be steward no longer : look around
If any friend of all thy friends be found
To take thee by the hand, to lead thee home.
Thou canst not labour ; art too old to roam ;
For other service art unable quite,
Thou that hast never served thy Lord aright.
There is not one : the friends thy life hath
known

Are gone their way, and thou art left alone,
Alone to meet thy Master's angry face,
Before whose justice scarce the just find
place.

All plead against thee at the throne of
God,
The gracious earth thy guilty feet have trod,

The gentle skies that year by year have
smiled

Upon the earth thy wantonness defiled ;
Unheeded warnings, powers misapplied,
The highest interest lightly laid aside,
The soul thou didst neglect for which thy
Saviour died.

Thou must be steward no longer, God de-
mands

A strict account : O idle, useless hands,
Empty of good and deeply stained with ill,
What will ye do ? What task may ye fulfil ?
It is nigh time the vineyard gates to close,
Sin-wearied head, and darest thou seek repose !

Mine injured Master ! other friend than Thee
'Twere vain to seek in mine extremity ;
No heart save thine hath room to take me in,
Clogged with the burden of a life-long sin :
None knowing me as Thou could bear to love,
On earth below or in the heavens above.
In one short hour, as with the thief of yore,
A wasted life Thou, Saviour, canst restore.
How many years since first the words were
said
Of absolution o'er my bended head !

Have patience, Lord, and I will pay Thee all,
Was still my cry, and still from fall to fall
My life has passed ; and will He take me home,
The Master I forsook while I had strength to
 roam ?

ANGELO CUSTODI.

WISH me joy, companion true !
 Lo, another stage has passed,
 Other friends forget, but you
 Keep my birthday to the last.

When your charge I first was in,
 It was well with you and me,
 Ere the weary days of sin,
 Happy-hearted friends were we.

But too soon your burden grew
 Less a pleasure than a pain,
 As my soul each birthday knew
 Deeper shade of sinful stain.

Then I flung away your hand,
 Proud was I to walk alone,
 And I would not understand
 Whispered words of warning tone.

When I drove you from my side,
 Faithful friend you followed still,
 And with love unswerving tried
 To redeem my captive will.

God and you alone can tell
Of the foul and rugged ways,
Where you raised me as I fell,
Following me for many days.

Thou, methinks, on high art known,
When the sons of heaven meet,
For a glory of thine own,
Angel of the bleeding feet.

Friendship is a broken reed
That is based on things below ;
Birthday gift I sorely need,
Bless me ere I let thee go !

I in turn would wish thee joy
For the passing of a year
Of thy wearisome employ ;
Lo, the end is growing near.

SORROW.

POETS soothe life's throbbing
 Melodising grief,
And their rhythmic sobbing
Antedates relief.

Sorrow crowned with flowers
Wins a world to tears,
Grimy grief like ours
Hardly 'scapeth jeers.

Hearts that are not broken
Breathe melodious sighs ;
With true sorrow's token
Few can sympathise.

Happy men may cherish
A luxurious woe :
Sorrow's victims perish
Shattered by the blow.

None but He that made us
Holds our sorrow dear;
Never other bade us
Bring our burdens near.

Ye whose path is dreary,
Hear the summons blest,
"Come to me ye weary,
I will give you rest."

“ Ille homo qui dicitur Jesus lutum fecit ex sputo et
unxit oculos meos et dixit mihi, ‘vade ad natatoria Siloe
et lava,’ et abii, lavi, et video.”

HE bade me wash and I am clean ;
I see who naught at all had seen,
Blind from my mother's womb :
He salved mine eyes with sacred clay,
He set my feet upon the way,
That glimmered in the gloom.

I could not wholly see, but knew
The light about my feet was true,
The winding of a silver clew
That led me to my cure :
My throbbing eyeballs were athirst
To see his face whose fingers first
Kindled my sight, whose accents nursed
My hope till I was sure.

I washed in Siloe's tranquil well :
As from my lids its waters fell,
I lifted up mine eyes with awe,
And the fair city where I dwelt,
The counterpart of all I'd felt
But had not seen, I saw.

And now I wonder much at this,
That ye know not what man it is
That hath enlarged mine eyes,
Nor whence he comes, nor whence he
brings
The power to do such wondrous things ;
And ye reputed wise !

Thus much at least myself I know,
That I mine eyesight truly owe
To Him and Him alone ;
And therefore I that once was blind
Will look for Him until I find,
And for my Master own.

THE GREAT DROUGHT.

DEADLY fair, deadly bright the sky,
The fields grew brown, then wan,
And the cattle that fed thereon
Were fevered and starved and dry.

'Neath the sky's unchanging blue
The dwellers in cities were faint,
The air had a death-like taint,
For corruption corrupted anew.

Oh, how we longed for rain !
Then prayed at the altar the priest,
Prayed too the long suffering beast,
Mutely pleading his pain.

Flung we upwards in haste
Cries and importunate prayers,
They were lost upon heaven's stairs,
For the waste land grew more waste.

Then gathered the clouds as for rain,
And surely the rain had come,
The expectant earth was dumb,
But the rich clouds scattered again.

They were swept from the path of the sun,
They were huddled into the sea;
White were the fields as with leprosy,
And the brooks had ceased to run.

From out of the soil accursed
Came a tropical plague of flies,
And dumb were the weather-wise,
For the signs were all reversed.

A month we dreed our pain,
With naught to feed hope upon,
And when all hope was gone
At length came down the rain.

And when it came down it came
With a rush into earth's pale lap,
To quicken the feeble sap
With its tears of pity and shame.

But the earth raised not her head,
And the soft south wind was wild,
And like a penitent child
Fell weeping upon the dead.

White in her winding-sheet,
Will she not open her eyes,
To quiet the infant cries
Of the runnels about her feet ?

With foolish seeming care
They moisten her withered lips,
And with gentle finger tips
Tenderly smoothe her hair.

Lo, whether asleep or dead,
God taketh her by the hand
And, brightly flushing, the land
Uplifteth her languid head.

The brooks are wild with glee,
And every withered sod,
Full filled with the wine of God,
Is merry exceedingly.

PEGASUS.

I DO not ask the winged steed
They say befits a poet's stable,
A soberer nag may serve my need
For long exalted flights unable :

A gentle easy-going beast
That o'er the neighbouring down will
canter,
Or in the lane frequented least,
When evening shadows fall will saunter.

I do not ask the joy to float
Above the sunlit clouds of even,
To leave the world a shadowy mote
Beneath me in the depths of heaven.

Above this atmosphere of tears,
Where grief her endless tale is telling,
Above the shock of human fears,
I ask no calm untroubled dwelling.

But let my modest joy be found,
Secure from pride's unholy fire,
Plucking the violet from the ground,
The rosebud from the shaggy briar.

Of those that rank as common things
To penetrate the secret meaning,
To find the precious hidden springs,
Where earth on highest heaven is leaning :

Among the lowly souls of earth
To mark the inward light out gleaming,
A token of their heavenly birth,
Beneath the cloak of roughest seeming :

To hear, amid the rudest din,
Some feeble scattered notes outringing
Of earth's high song, ere ever sin
Had marred the concord of her singing :

Such privilege I well might deem
The fairest of a poet's treasure,
Above the most ecstatic dream,
The purest earthly draught of pleasure.

LIFE.

WHAT is life? A silent river,
On whose glassy side
Swarms of changeful shadows quiver,
None may long abide.

Light and shade are blending ever
'Neath our vessel's prow,
Life is one, nor can we sever
What is past from now.

Every soul is onward gliding
On its own swift stream,
Of the fate our friends betiding
We can only dream.

In the dark and silent mountain
Every stream had birth,
And the secret of its fountain
Is not known on earth.

But the stream that sad and single
Weaves its mystery,
With its kindred streams shall mingle
In the pathless sea.

There its brother's secret wandering
Through this earthly vale,
Each will hear with wonder, pondering
On the gracious tale.

EINSIEDELN.

NOT far remote from where Lucerne's blue
lake

Sleeps in the shadows of its mountain nest,
Within a cleft high up among the hills,
Barren and rude, where never hand of man
Before his time had raised the rugged soil,
An ancient monk of Benedictine rule
Had built himself a poor and humble cell,
That he in peaceful prayer his days might pass,
While life was his, then meet his God unstained,
E'en by the world within a cloister found.
An image of the gracious Virgin queen
His aged hands with pious toil had wrought
Of pine wood, that the angry storm had strewn
Upon the mountains : rough the work and poor,
And yet the image had a quiet grace
That spoke God's peace within the author's
breast.

This and his time-worn crucifix alone
Were all his treasures; and at even-fall
And when the purple of the morning broke
Athwart the mountain, he would chant aloud
The gracious "Salve," and in spirit join
His dear-loved brethren in their distant choir.
A little garden with its stock of herbs
Raised by himself, his slender wants sufficed,
With what from time to time a shepherd
brought

To mend his cheer on some high festival;
Nor, save when shepherd or chance hunter
came,

Or one that sought his counsel in distress,
Saw he the face of man; thus calmly passed
His days of prayer and peaceful solitude.
Yet had he comrades in the wilderness,
Silent and grave and suited to the place:
Two sable ravens left their domicile
Within a crevice of the rifted rock,
And, though amongst the shyest of their tribe,
Had in such sort their rugged souls subdued
Beneath the influence of his saintliness,
That they would follow him, and ever tend
Upon his steps as to and fro he moved
In the pursuance of his daily toil.

And when he knelt upon the ground in prayer,
Beside him stood those sable acolytes
Intently watching, with keen look askance,
And eyes that beamed with wondrous tenderness ;

As though they recognised the truth that prayer
From sainted lips, like mist from meadow land,
Returneth in a soft and fruitful rain
Of common blessing to both man and beast.
The gracious tie that linked together once
All the fair creatures that in Eden dwelt,
By man's rebellious trespass snapped in twain,
Seemed wondrously re-knit and 'stablish'd sure
Between the saint and these his servitors.
Such ministers Judæa's prophet once,
By Kishon's brook a weary exile, found
To do him service for their master's sake.
And now, in peaceful converse with his God,
And with that nature which for such as he
Is wholly purged from taint of earthliness,
Six years had passed, when one fair summer
eve

It chanced the saint was seated out of doors
Watching the glory of the sunset pass
Upon the mountains ; the far glaciers shone
Like molten gold upon the azure heaven,

While on their skirts the purple mist was hung,
And filled the sleeping valleys at their feet.
Longwhile he gazed in silent ecstasy,
Then softly murmured, "Oh, if God has made
So wondrous fair this place of banishment,
If He thus lends to what must pass away
So rich a bloom, that the poor soul of man
Is lost in its exceeding loveliness,
How fair must be the heaven where He abides,
Where his elect will find their endless home?"
With the dear thought of home his spirit rose,
And now he seemed beyond the sphere of
earth,
"A little while," he said, "a little while,"
When, lo! the attendant birds who at his knee
Had all this time in solemn silence stood,
Moved restlessly, and uttered their deep croak,
So like a warning that he turned his head,
And saw approaching him and close at hand,
Two men in hunter's garb, ragged and stained;
Within their hollow eyes he seemed to read
Dark disappointment, and the cruel spell
Of that insidious madness which misleads
Its victims forth to find them lonely graves
Amid the mountains far from all their kin,
In chase of game that haply found is nought

Beside the perils of the venturous search.
So seemed it to the saint, the men meanwhile.
Humbly with suppliant gesture made request
Of shelter for the night, and needful food,
For that they long had wandered in pursuit
Of mountain game that mocked their eager
toil.

He, courteously replying, led them in,
And, mindful of his Lord, washed their worn
feet,

Bestowing all he had ; with joy of heart
His bed of rushes yielding to their need.
And, after all his orisons performed
With even more than wonted diligence,
He laid himself beside them on the floor
To sleep his sleep in presence of his God.
An hour passed, and then the men arose,
Their hellish purpose gleaming in their eyes :
Some lying fiend had whispered the wild
thought

That the old man, their host, despite his vow,
Held in concealment goodly store of gold.
With trembling hand they struck, the aged man
Waked with a smile, and waking passed away,
With words of blessing faltering on his lips.
The murderers stood alone, then with wild haste

They raised the floor and felt along the walls
With growing horror, for they nothing found,
Save that their hands were full of blood that
cried

To heaven for vengeance, when, unseen till
then

The image of the Virgin Queen they saw,
Whose eyes of conscious witness pierced their
souls

With such exceeding dread, that forth they
rushed

Down the wild mountain by fair Zurich's lake
That shuddered as they passed: though not a
breath

Broke the still night, the silver moon o'erhead
Flung wide its radiance on the sleeping plain.

Oh, who can paint the horrors of that flight!

To their strained ears all nature spake aloud

Its utter loathing of their guilty deed:

The trees through which they passed seemed
to shrink up,

Lifting their boughs in horror from their touch.

Nor were there wanting spectral forms to scare

Their tottering reason: the white mists took
shape

And aspect strange of terrible import;

But chief a sound as of pursuing wings
Moved them with fear, until at length they
reached

The town of Zurich : there they strove to rest
And drown their souls in wine ; but while the
cup

Was raised to their pale lips the windows
crashed :

“ The wings ! ” they cried, “ the wings ! ” and
straight there flew

Through the torn casement of the startled inn
The attendant ravens : on the board they
perched,

With eyes of flame fronting the trembling men,
Who vainly tried to drive them forth, to shun
The glowing eyes that scorched their guilty
souls.

Shuddering, they cried, “ These be the wit-
nesses !

Our deed is known, come lead us to the death ! ”
And when the officers of justice came,
The twain bowed low their heads, confessing all
With earnest penitence, and through the prayer
Of him, that holy man, who dying blessed
The hands that slew him, they made peaceful
end,

Thanking their God that He had punished
them.

The faithful ravens faithful to the last,
Beheld the work of justice fully done,
Then spread their wings and sought the wilder-
ness.

The saint was buried where his life was passed,
But soon above his grave a shrine was reared,
Where the dark image stands, attesting still
Meinrad's devotion to the Queen of heaven.
There eager crowds of pilgrims still resort,
Despite the coldness of these evil days,
And blind, and lame, and sick, receive their
cure

And go their way rejoicing: a strange sight,
In that bleak hollow on the mountain's side,
To see the gorgeous church from morn till
eve

Thronged with its bands of pilgrim worshippers
Kneeling in silent prayer before the shrine
That keeps the record of St. Meinrad's love.
And, when the shades of evening gather round,
These strangers from all lands with one accord,
Lift up their voices in a solemn chant
Of salutation to the Virgin Queen.
Age after age this mountain shrine has stood

The central hearth of Christian Germany,
And the good monks who keep the holy place
Show in their list full many a glorious name
Of saint and hero who has worshipped there.

*INSCRIPTION FOR A PHOTOGRAPH-
BOOK.*

A BOOK of friends who still are friends,
 With friendship waxing stronger,
A book of friends that once were friends,
But now are friends no longer.

I wonder as I turn the leaves
What further changes yet may be,
Or e'er the master bind the sheaves,
And friends are friends eternally.

MUNDI SERVITUS.

HOW shall I sing, now hope indeed is dead ?
Who cares to hear ?

Room for the bard above whose happy head
Flits hope and fear.

If you have lost for ever, hold your peace,
Your sadness is your own ;
To sullen grief and groans that will not cease
The world is stone.

You have no part with it, nor it with you,
As once in sprightlier years,
When hope was fain to fling its cheerful hue
On sorrow's tears.

Your youth has gone, the promise and the
spring,
And others now are young ;
In the world's ear still youthful voices ring,
As yours once rung.

You fell from out the circle all unmissed ;
It dances on :
You sadly left, and no man ever wist
That you were gone.

There is a chimney-corner for you yet ;
The world is kind ;
Wherein to moralise your fond regret,
Feeble and blind.

Your solemn droning haply lends a zest
To youthful joy :
Sing that the sun is fading in the west,
Lest sunshine cloy.

Short-lived the rose at best, its richest scent
Passing away ;
Youth not given, but always only lent
Just for the day.

Rose-crowned skeleton at life's high feast,
Groan not too loud ;
Groan rhythmically at the very least ;
Rip not the shroud.

If you have any care to please your host
Yet for a while,
Be sure and do not check the gallant toast,
Blight not the smile.

So shall the descant of your pensive harp
Fill laughter's pause,
And fond regret that is nor stern nor sharp
Plead the world's cause.

Was not the solemn bargain fairly made ?
Were you not party ?
Dare you say that you were not fully paid,
“ Pretium appretiatum ? ”

That you got what you could not hope to keep,
Selling your Lord,
Gives you no right at all to weep
At the world's board.

Proud self that bore thee once a very king,
To thy great loss,
Art now a cur in the world's galling string
For what it may toss.

One stood without full patiently and knocked ?
Stands he there still ?
Youth stoutly held the door and gaily mocked ;
Age hears but ill.

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

DAINTY feeder amid the lilies,
What wouldst Thou in this house of
mine:

Little it profits to serve on both knees
Crumbled bread and the lees of wine.
See the lights in the darkening valley
Of those that love Thee, aye, and mark
The camp-fires where the soldiers rally
On yon hill-side, whilst I am dark.

Friends and lovers Thou hast in plenty,
Who will meet Thee upon thy way ;
King will nothing less content thee,
But Thou must enter my house to-day.

See to it well they were here erewhile :
Thy foemen have made of my house an inn,
Nor needed to enter or force or guile,
For I bade them welcome and led them in.

The livelong day we have rioted,
I scarcely knew that the guests were gone ;
And now Sir King Thou art hardly sped,
With nothing but scraps to feed upon.

And for a bed where Thou mayst lie,
Alas ! my King, it may hardly be ;
My bed is tumbled and all awry,
And far too mean for a King like Thee.

My bed has been making ere the morn,
I that have made it must lie therein,
A bed so restless, so strewn with thorn,
That an hour of sleep it is hard to win.

Thou usest to couch Thee yet more ill,
Thou sayest, and for cure of thy restlessness,
With three stout nails to hold Thee still,
And thorns for a chaplet of drowsiness.

And Thou wilt sit at my trampled hearth,
And share of the scraps that strew my board ;
I knew not one could be found on earth
So easy to please as Thou its Lord.

King, thy daintiness is but small
To find a sinner's company sweet,
But if Thou wilt take this, take all,
And the blood of my heart to wash thy feet.

DEATH-LOSS.

WHAT wealth of bursting greenery
The spring-tide has,
Rain-scented meadow grass,
The streamlet's glee ;

Fair knots of stealthy flowers
In woodland glade ;
The flickering of light and shade,
The golden hours ;

These are, indeed, gone by
Beyond recall,
As turning to the wall,
Behold I die.

All sights, and scents, and sounds,
Whereon I fed,
Touch me not, being dead
Within death's bounds.

Leaps yet as wont, the day-spring,
Softly night falls,
Dove to dove kindly calls,
Glad thrushes sing.

Music and fragrance and light
Yet fill the earth,
As when I shared its mirth,
And this is right.

Set fair my grave with green,
Where sunbeams play,
You cannot let in day,
Nor the flowers' sheen.

Scarlet and blue and white,
A goodly bed ;
But for another's head,
Another's sight.

There let small children play
With life to live ;
All that I can I give,
Flowers for a day.

Could aught now break my sleep,
It were their voices,
Rejoicing as naught else rejoices,
Weeping as few weep.

ANIMÆ FIDELIUM.

NO brightness of the sky
To tell us where they lie ;
The winds that winnow by
Make no report ;

Their cradle and their bier
The earth, says, " they were here,
But now no more appear
In their resort."

Their foot-prints all around
Yet make it holy ground ;
The way they went, the sound
Has died away.

The words which they have writ
Of pathos or of wit
The paper may not quit,
But where are they ?

Ah, vainly still we ask :
It is not nature's task
To tear away the mask
Where God is hid.

Go bow your troubled face
Closer in God's embrace,
And let His love displace
All fears forbid.

Your loved ones are not gone,
Live but for God alone,
And you shall find your own
Upon His breast.

Safe in the inner shrine
Within the arms divine;
They are not grown less thine,
Because more blest.

GOOD-BYE.

A TRIVIAL phrase that flies from lip to lip,
It serves to punctuate the page of life
From the scarce breathèd comma to the break
Of death's full stop, when friends must part
indeed,

And know for what it is the last good-bye ;
When time's insatiate stammering is hushed
And an eternal silence speaks for all.
When I am bid "good-bye," I ever hear
Or loud or faint the closing of a door,
Which leaves my soul outside, some joy within ;
Some sympathetic circle made complete,
Where I once was but am not any more ;
A shadowed portent of eternal loss,
Of outer darkness sundered from the light.
Yet, as a lance was thought itself to salve
The wound it had inflicted, so this phrase,
Read but as "God be with you," is a charm
Against the pain of parting, for with God
Is all that man can love, and no "good-bye."

THE LAST TRAIN.

WAITING for the train ;
Neither work nor play,
Neither loss nor gain,
Am I sad or gay,
Waiting for the train ?

Others meet to-day
The sunshine or the rain,
But these have passed away,
Waiting for the train.

Would I win the past
To be mine again,
Joy with grief o'er-cast,
Waiting for the train ?

Nay, the past is bright,
And its darkest lane
Touched with flakes of light,
Waiting for the train.

'Neath the westering sun,
Dare I count it gain,
That my life is done,
Waiting for the train ?

Of friends that left ere noon
Can I now complain,
That they left too soon,
Waiting for the train ?

Seemeth those who stay
To the last, but gain
Night-travelling for day,
Waiting for the train.

Sitting very still,
Weary heart and brain,
But with steadfast will,
Waiting for the train.

JESU MAGISTER.

JESU, my Master ! I am late for school ;
My morning comrades long have passed
me by ;

On yon hill side I stopped to play the fool,
In yon green wood I mused complacently :
A grey-haired scholar, I would fain unlearn
What I have learned, and learn my task anew—
Shamefaced, alas !—where little children earn
The loving smile to loving progress due.
Better to sit with children at thy feet,
Where only children sit, or such as they,
And learn though late thy lesson to repeat
Humbly and sadly, if I haply may,
Than seek in worldly school to win the prize,
Playing God's truant till the daylight dies.

"He maketh his sun to shine upon the just and the unjust."

THE cheerful sunshine, the rain's gentle
falling,
The trustful light that lives in children's eyes ;
These still are mine, though vanished past
recalling
The chosen pleasure, the peculiar prize.
So choice to me now seems each common
blessing,
It tells me more of God than man can hide,
Of love that never tires of caressing,
Of mercy's hands outstretched on every side.

ECCE NOVA FACIO OMNIA.

THERE was a summer in the past,
With leaves that rustled overhead,
Which made as though it meant to last,
But now is gone and dead.

And in that summer children, too,
As careless and as kind to see
As any here, as you or you,
Or any like to be.

And still these children move about,
Though covered with a quaint disguise,
And strive to light their lamps gone out
At newer children's eyes.

Now and again in summer hours
They dream they have their summer back,
And catch amid the trees and flowers
The ancient sunny track.

"Surely," they cry, "this way is best,
A little further on must be
The home, the voices, and the rest
Of our lost infancy."

"A little further on," to mark
The footprint of a child that springs,
Spurning the earth like mounting lark
Upborne on eager wings,

In token that 'mid scenes of earth
Such quest as ours is all in vain,
Though where God's newly born have birth
Old times may live again.

Yea, haply where God's angels stand,
By gift of his exceeding grace,
A little soft familiar hand
May lead us to our place.

To learn 'mid glories manifold
No heart of man ere dreamed it knew,
A joy that shall be new and old,
From the old things made new.

OLD AGE.

WOULD to God that I might die
Ere the light has left the sky,
Ere kind hands have ceased to press,
And eyes have lost their tenderness :
Better far to leave behind
Much I care for than to find
All I care for passed away,
With the light of yesterday.
Let me go since go I must,
Ere time's fingers in the dust
Have writ all my joys as done,
And the moments as they run
Only their sad selves repeat,
With naught of music save the beat.
When I bid the world "good-bye,"
I would greet it with an eye
For its shifting colours keen,
Its interchange of shade and sheen,
The eager green of kindling spring,
And autumn's russet mellowing ;

Not a fragrant flower or fruit
But should yield a soft salute
To a sense where memory still
Doth its subtlest charm distil,
Making life a golden maze
Of half unfallen garden days.
Let me go ere every nook
I have lived in hath a look
Of utter dearth which none can fill
Of the living, well or ill.
When I go, ah, let me leave
Here and there a heart to grieve
For a part of its old life,
That a comrade in its strife,
A sharer in its daily mirth,
Treads no longer on the earth.
Now and then my name should slip
Among friends from lip to lip,
Coupled with, "it was his way
Thus to look or this to say;"
With perhaps a whispered prayer
That might reach me other where.
Whilst I live I fain would be
All there ever was of me,
No fragment of existence merely,
For what I had been cherished dearly,

Whose formal death you scarce deplore,
The real was so long before.
Forgive me, Saviour, if I plead
That though thy pangs were hard indeed,
And all thy body racked and wrung,
Some pains Thou hadst not, dying young.
I know that 'neath the olive's shade,
A secular weight on Thee was laid ;
The bitterness of ages past
Into thy cup of life was cast,
And all time's miseries yet to come
Wrought in thy mystic martyrdom ;
Yet scarce was middle age begun,
When Thou hadst all thy labours done.
The Eternal Years in mortal span
Waxed from the child into the man :
It was not meet that God should wane
From man into the child again ;
And so the feet that Mary kissed
The withering touch of age have missed,
And not a golden hair was grey
Upon thy Crucifixion day.
High on the crest of manhood's hill
Thou didst thy ministry fulfil,
Winning thy victory in the light ;
Whilst I upon the slopes of night

Creep shuddering down, no victory won,
Or none that I dare count upon:
Yet if it be thy will, 'tis best
I so should enter on my rest ;
Piecemeal, as some, thy martyrs, died,
But Thou wert standing by their side.
Oh, stand by me when round me press
The sorrows of my loneliness,
When my sick heart is gasping wide,
As when the ocean's reflux tide
Leaves some poor harbour bare and high,
Emptied of all the minstrelsy
Of dancing waves that leap and play
A mile out yonder in the bay.
A long farewell thou treacherous sea,
That never more may flow for me,
Whose guerdon is the refuse left
To rot in many a rocky cleft,
And the sad drip of sullen tears,
The requiem of buried years.
And the dark slime of fond regret
No husbandman found fruitful yet,
Or only one : if but thy hand
Vouchsafe to touch the barren strand,
Fair crops shall wave of golden corn,
And vineyards clothe the rocks forlorn,

Or might have done a while ago—
Methinks myself I pity so,
That so I might myself assure
That one must pity me yet more.
Although too late from wasted soil
To win return of wine or oil,
I know there is another sea,
Unwearied Love's infinity,
To fill, when other loves depart,
The thirsty hollows of the heart.

SONNET-WRITING.

POETS ever on the watch
Any dainty thought to catch,
That across their path may flit,
When they once have captured it,
In a cage of quaint device,
Woven with contexture nice,
Very much rejoice to shew it ;
But, alas ! when least they know it,
Oftentime the cage alone
Meets the eye ; the thought has flown :
And even when the thought is there,
Much that made it rich and fair
Is with handling lost or frayed,
While thought is into matter made.
Lo, the bird that in the air,
Gaily fluttering here and there,
Filled the cloister of the wood
With a rapture unwithstood,
Caged is dumb and like to die ;
And the golden butterfly,

Once 'mid flowers a winged flower,
In a childish tyrant's power,
Thrills its dull and bloomless wings,
Palest of all pallid things.
Fairest thoughts were meant to give
Colour to the life we live,
By the quiet mental eye
To be enjoyed unconsciously ;
But when once by art expressed
Die poor captives half confessed.

" *Victrix causa Deis placuit sed victa Catoni.*"

THE conquering cause has ever reverence
 And hope-fed sympathy of gods and men
 To plead for it with trumpet, sword, and pen,
 But for the conquered cause, go bear it hence
 Into its deep digg'd grave, nor make pretence
 To mourn for that which had thy love but when
 It stood, or falling, looked to rise again.
 Faith to a conquered cause is lack of sense.
 The very gods who rule this lower world
 Are fortune's minions, but they are not God,
 The One, the Holy, the Inviolable.
 Lo, pledge of doom reversed, the Cross unfurled
 Summons fate's victims from the trampled sod
 To meet his doom who doeth all things well.

* *Sed explicat victor crucem*
*Michael salutis signifer**

ms. Post. S. Mich.

On the popular saying:—"God sides with the stronger
battalions."

PHILISTIA'S champion, in his boastful
might,

What time he held the Jewish hosts in awe
In David's choice of pebbles hardly saw
Artillery of heaven to quell outright
Himself, and pour the uncircumcised in flight;
Yet a poor sling, manned by a stripling raw,
Then won the favour of the God whose law
The oldest veterans had misreckoned quite.
But now the world is godless; not a cause
Worthy of God contends for victory,
That men should say: "Lo! He is here, or
there."

The world is giddy with its own applause,
Nor asks God's meed, nor fears his enmity.
Earth's battles are no longer heaven's care.

SLEEP.

LIFT me from life's sharp rocks and float
me, Sleep,
Far out upon thy waters all alone,
There let me sink beneath the soft sea moan
Of wind and wave into the stilly deep,
Nor any jot of my wrecked fortunes keep
To flout me with, no face that I have known
Of friend or foe, nor that worst face—my own ;
I would be dead and cease to laugh and weep.
In soft forgetfulness my spirit still,
Till busy morning sees me cast ashore,
To face the grind of custom's daily drill,
To find life's apple rotten at the core :
So but God's arm were round me'twere not ill
If sleep were death, and life's dull fret were
o'er.

*BY ONE ABOUT TO BE DESERVEDLY
HANGED.*

WHOLE-HEARTED hate and dainty dis-
tant scorn

My portion is: the world has seen and heard.
But one kind face would at my whispered word
Yet flush conviction they were all foresworn,
I innocent; for this too was I born,
To see the faith no hostile breath had stirred,
Strong in the sickness of its hope deferred,
By one mute gesture ruthlessly uptorn.

I am a villain: this is utter truth,
A sorry truth preached at the gallows tree;
Yet kindlier than the lies that slew my youth;
And truth it is alone can make me free,
Can give earth's outcast share in heavenly ruth.
I suffer justly; Lord, remember me!

“*Utinam regnetis ut et nos vobiscum regnemus.*”

(1 Cor. iv.)

I IN a brother's joy do much rejoice,
And fain would strew the path with roses
sweet,

The best I have for his triumphant feet,
Catching a heart-flush from the merry noise
Of popular welcome, nor by one poor voice
Would thin the rapture of the echoing street;
And yet I know my joy is incomplete,
Because reflected joy is no man's choice.

I too would triumph, if I might, and reign
In some high way, the centre of a throng,
In joy's full sunshine, pure of envious stain,
In mine own right that should be no man's
wrong.

No neighbour's losses marring my clear gain,
Throned in heaven's heart the burden of a
song.

SPRING, 1878.

LO spring again, rejoicing on her way,
Another yet the same, the selfsame knots,
As fresh, as tender-eyed, and every spray
Afire with vernal life ; our garden plots
Are flushed with promise, and the dead past
rots,
As ever 'neath the footfall of the May,
While careless what an iron fate allots,
We waste no tears on buried yesterday.

My loss-taught life methinks more largely true
Should in large periods mete its joy and pain,
Not subject to the season's tyranny.
Long winter ! but when God makes all things
new,
My flowery spring, unfading, still to gain
An added freshness in maturity.

"Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini."

SAY, is thy door set wide for any guest
Who in thy Lord's name cometh, though
he bear

Mandate to slay thee, or thy love to tear
From thy strong loving arms? Are all hands
blest

Which in the furtherance of thy Lord's behest
To spoil thee of thy treasure shall not spare,
Blighting the harvest of thy zealous care
Or scattering thorns where thou hast set thy
rest?

So shalt thou live to quench his dying thirst
Who thus loved thee, for thy sake welcoming
The motley crowd that used Him as it would:
The friend that kissed, the foes that mocked
and cursed

As thy apparitors, were free to wring
Their cruel tribute to thy endless good.

THE TWO MEMENTOS.

THE centuries that have looked on Holy
Mass

Have scantly touched its awful Liturgy :
Traditional words and gestures, hand and eye,
Bespeak an ordinance that might not pass ;
And yet thereto time elements it has,
Recording those that live and those that die,
What time the priest, his ritual put by,
Bows gazing in his memory as a glass :

Within his heart he bears the tablets twain
Wherewith he interleaves his sacred book ;
The one doth freely from the ether gain,
As churchyard ground which fruit-trees over-
look ;
Some friends are living yet, but ah, grey head,
How full is thy " memento of the dead."

MY DEATH.

O DEATH, my death ! that somewhere
waits for me

Amid the train of innocent seeming days,
Whose names I know, by ancient well-worn
ways

Awaiting that last time so sure to be,
Though caution or a blind security
Invest my life ; vainly I bend my gaze
Upon them, as they pass, their quiet traits
Speak them a household serving faithfully.

O Death, my death ! thy servants these, not
mine.

They marshal thee the way thou wouldst go ;
The lengthened pomp of their obsequious line
Ends in a point whence thou mayst deal thy
blow,

Thyself a servant,—Death, foredoomed to give
Access to Him by whom all spirits live.

HOC ERIT IN VOTIS.

A BROOK, Menalcas, ere spring die in
summer,
Gurgling deep-throated from abundant rain,
With rapid waters fining of their stain :
There let me, in the land a blithe new comer,
With skimming swallow and plush-coated
hummer,
Essay with you our ancient craft again,
Throwing my fly it may be not in vain,
Some shy soft day with not a chill to numb
her.

Most surely not in vain while flows the stream,
While the south wind is dallying with the
flowers,
And wind and stream possess me through the
hours
Of a long day whereof I after dream ;
And if thereto boon fortune fills my basket,
'Tis surplusage of grace ; I dare not ask it,

DREAM-LOSS.

WHO has not dreamed of lonely wandering
Through darkling paths of woods that
never end,
How there will meet you suddenly a friend
To whom if but your lifeless hands might
cling,
Your way would be no more companionless ;
But he regards you not, and passes on ;
And lo, another, while you turn, is gone
Past you not knowing, and the loneliness
Grows deeper, as anon a happy band
You once were one of, pass in converse sweet ;
The sounds caress you of their accents bland,
Then die away, mocking your spell-bound feet ;
Faint image of the loss awaiting one
Whose friends are friends of God, whilst he is
none.

*A NOVENA OF SONNETS
IN HONOUR OF ST. PHILIP NERI.*

I.

ANGELIC PURITY.

SEE, high upon God's holy mountain stands,
Where children angel-haunted keep their
ground,

An aged man with childhood's lilies crowned,
Young-eyed and bright, with fragrant breast
and hands.

He sings the song whose utterance demands
A life snow-white and wholly taintless found,
Following the Lamb in his perennial round
Through avenues of saints and martyr bands.

O chastity of flesh and lips and mind,
Spouse of the noblest of the sons of God,
Mother of saints, loved in their own despite
By those that lack thee, aye and striking blind
Blaspheming fiends; touch me with thy white
rod,

That I may feel and think and speak aright!

II.

GOD ALONE.

No hermit he, yet Philip dwelt alone,
Alone with God, creatures like hill-tops
showing

For ever in a sunset glory glowing
With gold and purple that is not their own,
Which splendour fled they dull to lifeless stone.
From youth to age the human tide was flowing
About his feet, his heart no respite knowing
From doing good to many, loving One.

And so the youth keen set on earthly treasure,
Which lay and glistened in his eager ken,
He weaned for ever by his calm "and then,"
Luring his heart above the aims of men,
Enfranchising his hope to larger measure,
To wealth that wastes not, and immortal
pleasure.

III.

INCESSANT PRAYER.

Who loves must pray, Philip was always
praying ;
In prayer he found refreshment and release
From worldly turmoil, and in conflict peace.
His heart a boat true to its anchor staying,

Despite the eddies round about it swaying,
Despite the current's stormiest increase,
To speak with God his heart could never cease,
The thought of God all other thought out-
weighing.

Who having God to speak to will not speak,
He starving sits though bidden to a feast ;
He might be strong and is contented weak,
Might win the whole and does not share the
least ;
With all to find he has no heart to seek,
Prayerless he sinks unsouled from man to
beast.

IV.

DAILY MASS.

LIKE the three children in their fiery shrine,
Unto his Lord a dying life devoting,
He says his Mass, naught of time's passage
noting,
Offering the Victim human and Divine
His face and hands with snowy splendours
shine,
Himself a flame before God's altar floating,
With love of his Beloved wisely doating,
" For I am his and He is wholly mine."

God makes his ministers a flame of fire :
O love-wan face, so spent with thy desire !
O fluttering heart, that knows not any rest!
May God through thee effectually inspire
Love's eager flame forever mounting higher
In venturous hearts that lean upon thy breast.

V.

LOVE OF SOULS.

No time had Philip he could call his own,
His room was open through the livelong day
To every comer, none were turned away
By one who loved to dwell with God alone ;
Go when you would, the young man's eager
tone

Accosted you, or children's noisy play ;
Yet if you came you could not choose but stay,
Though old yourself and mirthless as a stone.

Hunter of souls ! with what a quenchless thirst
Thou didst pursue them through thy eighty
years,

True to thy word of leaving Christ for Christ,
His sweetness for the souls his Blood had
priced ;

Weeping for those that had not any tears
To weep themselves, in sinful sloth immersed.

VI.

REVERENCE FOR THE EXERCISES OF
RELIGION.

PRAYER and the Sacraments, and, day by day,
A homely use of truths Divinely strong,
Were Philip's weapons to encounter wrong,
His net to take the souls of men for prey;
With interludes of music grave or gay
To cheat their labour as they moved along,
Tuning life's journey to such cheerful song
As might befit travellers on heaven's highway.

He taught this lesson, Heaven is nearer home—
Home which God's finger traces out for
each—

Than to another spot however blest.
Heaven's choicest gifts are lost to those who
roam ;
The ripest fruit hangs most within our reach ;
Of all life's fare God's daily bread is best.

VII.

PATIENT TRUST IN GOD.

THE cross to Philip could not come amiss ;
Unmoved he bore the menace of the great,
Petty annoyance, and the unsparing hate

Of evil shamed, the multitudinous hiss
Of fierce derision, and the traitor's kiss ;
Himself esteeming at so low a rate,
He kept his trust in God inviolate,
Finding therein foretaste of heavenly bliss.

Since God was with him it was always well,
The rest with Philip could not weigh a jot.
This life, he said, is ever heaven or hell,
It might not yield to man a middle lot ;
With God to suffer is in heaven to dwell,
And hell to suffer where his peace is not.

VIII.

OBEDIENCE.

To win and keep a place in Philip's school
The loftiest soul must learn obedience,
Discarding pride and solemn self-pretence,
In meek submission to external rule ;
Content to wear the semblance of a fool
In worldly eyes ; an object of offence
To those who dare to measure the immense,
And shape heaven's causeway with an earthly
tool.

August obedience, by the world decried,
Is God's economy to make us free,
His barrier set against the ocean wild
That would invade our native liberty.
Who to his God in straitest bonds is tied
Becomes heaven's freedman and a little child.

IX.

BONA MORS.

"After all we have to die."

YES, we must die at last, and leave the earth
So long our home, and take us elsewhere :
Was Philip sad so musing, whose one care
Had been to look toward that diviner birth,
For whom the world held naught of any worth,
As, lingering awhile on heaven's stair,
Wistful some neighbour's burden still to bear,
A human pathos seemed to shade his mirth ?

Nay, joy was perfect : mark the hymn of praise
Which from his lips sprang jubilantly free
At that last Mass, his reckoning up the days
That kept him from his Master's company :
In one bright sheaf he binds the kindred rays
Of heavenly hope, of earthly memory.

TWO OF ST. PHILIP'S SONNETS.

TRANSLATION.

I.

THE soul derives from God her being high,
In one keen instant out of nothing
brought,
Not painfully, through second causes wrought.
How can she then submit to things that die,
To hope, desire, to joy, to enmity?
To her confusion, by these guides mistaught,
Of One confronting her she knoweth naught,
A glimpse of whom would lift her to the sky.

How should the baser nature dare rebel
Against the higher, nor, as meet, consent
To do its bidding, but essay to quell?
Why prison bars the aspiring soul prevent
From leaving earth above the stars to dwell,
To die to self, to live to God intent?

II.

I love and loving must love ceaselessly,
So whole a conquest love in me hath won ;
My love to Thee, thy love to me doth run,
In Thee I live and Thou dost live in me :
Surely the day is nigh when I may flee
From this dark gaol, for ever to have done
With vanity and blind oblivion,
Where exiled from myself I use to be.

Earth laughs and sky, green branches and soft
air ;

The winds are quiet, and the water still ;
No sun before has shed so bright a day :
The gay birds sing, love's joy is everywhere ;
My heart alone has no responsive thrill,
My powers flag and shrink from joy away.

*THE CATHOLIC MARTYRS UNDER
ELIZABETH.*

I.

THE word went forth in England that the
Mass
Was treason, and that Faith henceforth must die
Down to the line of secular policy.
The memories of old times too soon, alas!
Forsook the church which gazed in that crook'd
glass
The state held to her, and so seen awry
Distortion won the praise of symmetry,
And the State-Church ideal came to pass.

Then from the secret place where they were
waiting
Rose many men and women, saints of God,
Warriors whose feet with gospel peace were
shod

To tread the path the ancient martyrs trod,
Gaily defiant, with love unabating,
Choosing for household joys a nation's hating.

II.

How gallant was the pomp of England then,
How hard to cope with as she moved along
With a great following of triumphal song,
Girt with her princes of the sword and pen,
Queen of the age new opening 'neath her ken:
The white-robed army knows no souls more
strong
Than those who strove to wake 'mid that bright
throng
Strange Christian echoes in the souls of men.

The semblance of religion lingered still
About the land; but there had passed away
The Church's power restrictive, and her rod
Was broken: England bidden to fulfil
The eternal law did all her prophets slay,
Tearing their hearts out in the name of God.

III.

Hail, generous Hearts that were so fain to die,
Yet kept your lives so well: as who would
bring

Drink to the lips of comrades perishing
On battle-field, putting the danger by,
Nor for your service sake ashamed to fly;
Regardless of the foe's calumnious sting,
Though name of dastard and of traitor cling
Till tardy death end livelong jeopardy.

Lo! when in spite of scrupulous defence,
The legal hunters fairly hem you round,
All bitterness is lost, you draw your breath
In gentler rhythm, knowing grisly death
To be an angel to your service bound,
Crowning for aye your manly innocence.

IV.

These Romish priests, right English to the
core,
For love of Christ loved not their country less.
See as they die their hands are raised to bless
The land that slew them, till they move no
more.

The unjust judge, the hangman splashed with
gore,
The base informer, shared their tenderness;
The acts of men were powerless to repress
The effluence of love's exhaustless store.

The God-given strength that mocked a world
in arms,
Honour that for the nicest point would die,
With love that paid each outrage still with
love,
In them put on a childlike gaiety,
And cheery English phrase that ever charms,
Like ocean ripples solemn deeps above.

V.

Priests of to-day, where'er on English ground
Your lot is cast, the land is consecrate,
No nook but in some martyr's memory found,
Who, dying, pleaded for the good estate
Of his poor country; so, if very late
The hoped-for harvest, if, on looking round,
It seem a point of dubious debate
If faith so shattered can again be sound,

CATHOLIC MARTYRS UNDER ELIZABETH.

**Fear not, but know that He who over-pays
So much our cup of water does not use
To take such lavish blood, and then refuse
The asked reward ; trust ye the Heart of one
Who in love's contest never was outdone,
To pay the fuller for his long delays.**

JOHN OF HOVEDEN'S
"NIGHTINGALE."

In the first four stanzas of this poem, as Lewis of Grenada remarks, the nightingale is the bearer of the soul's aspirations to Christ, the "unicum dilectum." With the fifth stanza the parallelism of the nightingale with the devout soul begins to be developed for the instruction of the disciple. (See Appendix.)

NIGHTINGALE, that singest in the front of
spring,

Glad surcease foretelling from mire and tem-
pesteing,

Soothing our heart's woe with thy sweet
jargonning,

Hail, discreetest bird, to me thy passage wing !

Come and thou shalt get thee whither cannot I,
Mine absent friend and lover with sweetest
song to ply,

Solacing all his sadness with subtle minstrelsy,
To whom for other service I may not win anigh.

Do what for me is ever my feeble strength
above,
Salute with tenderest greetings the only one
I love,
And tell Him there is nothing which under
heaven doth hove,
But He and only He my faithful heart may
move.

If any man should marvel that I have chosen
thee,
This reason good vouchsafe him, thou hast a
property
The which with Christian service gives promise
to agree,
And so may win us favour of heaven's Majesty.

Therefore, beloved scholar, give ear unto my
word,
And cherish in thy bosom the singing of this
bird,
That so repeating duly what thou hast rightly
heard,
Thou too among heaven's singers henceforth
mayst be preferred.

Of this bird we read, when she comprehendeth
That her death is nigh, that her lifetime endeth,
Early, very early, to a tree she wendeth,
And in diverse strains her full heart expendeth,

Tenderly preluding in the matin time ;
But when dawn breaks redly at the hour of
prime,
With a loftier sweetness her keen accents
chime,
A breathless flowing song without the frets of
rhyme.

At the hour of tierce, aye, but she knows no
measure,
So within her breast swells her proud heart's
pleasure,
Till her throat strings crack bursten with their
treasure,
Higher thrill her strains without stint or cesure.

But when in heaven's forehead the sun up-
flameth high,
Her cloven breast disparteth with an exceeding
cry,

Fraught with the wonted burden of "O quickly,
quickly,"
In labour of her singing she swooneth utterly.

The nightingale is lying, a broken instrument,
With her beak still quivering as on song intent,
But when none has sounded all her life is spent,
The cunning frame is shattered and the heart-
strings rent.

And so, beloved scholar, in brief as you have
heard,
It fareth with the singing and the dying of
this bird,
But if you may remember, as I erewhile averred,
To Christian life and service this lay must be
referred.

None other is this nightingale, as I do well
conceive,
Than one who deeds of virtue doth lovingly
achieve;
Who, when this world for heaven it doth in
spirit leave,
A goodly song and pleasing may hardly fail to
weave.

And that it yet more highly its hopes of heaven
may feed,
A mystic day is given it, whereof the hours lead,
Adown the chain of mercies by heavenly love
decreed,
Bestowed by God's compassion upon man's
erring seed.

The very early morning marks the primeval
worth,
Wherein man was created to share the angels'
mirth ;
The first hour indicates the time of God In-
carnate's birth ;
The third his going to and fro upon his sinful
earth ;

The sixth when Christ was willing by traitors
to be bound,
And spat upon, and buffeted, and trenched
with many a wound,
And straitly nailed upon a cross and lifted
from the ground,
With a great store of cruel thorns that sacred
head around.

JOHN OF HOVEDEN'S "NIGHTINGALE." 117

The ninth is when He dies, when all is
finished,
The dreadful battle over, the fiend o'ercome
and fled ;
But when the night-dews fall and vesper psalms
are said,
Christ in his garden tomb reclines his glorious
head.

The soul within her garden thus musing out
the day,
Unto her goal of mystic death doth fashion out
a way,
Climbing the cross whereon the strong one did
dismay
The enemy of God and man, and tore death's
gates away.

MATINS In the early morning she uplifteth straight
AND Her full heart's strong music for the mercy
LAUDS. great,
Praising God, and thanking that He did
create
And confirm her being in such good estate,

"Thou didst show thy mercy to the world,"
 quoth she,

"Oh, my kind Creator, in creating me;
To partake thy gladness me Thou didst decree
Freely, as all bounty of thy love is free.

Oh, with what a treasure was my nature blessed,
When Thou hadst thine image on my soul im-
 pressed,
And I had won increase of the gift possessed,
If the Lord's commandment had not been
 transgressed.

Fain that I might ever thine affection prove,
That from thy full favour I might never move;
As a cherished daughter, to thy home above
Thou wouldst have me lifted, God of endless
 love.

I am free to enter heaven's company,
And Thou, God, wouldst render all thyself to
 me;
How to pay Thee back, what to render Thee,
Save a worthless heart, I in no wise see.

One and only sweetness, everlasting joy,
Salutary robber, loving heart's decoy,
Take whate'er I am, all that I enjoy,
Store of merit won cleanse from base alloy."

Joying in her anguish, "Quick, oh, quick," she
sings,
"Truly it is right and just that the creature
brings
All her heart's affection pure of earthly things
To the God who keeps her underneath his
wings."

PRIME. Such her matin hour, lost in holy thought
Till at Prime her heart, a higher rapture taught,
Hymns in higher strains the welcome hour that
brought
Him who, clothed in flesh, man's redemption
wrought.

Her heart in love's strong fire begins to liquefy,
Quivering as it sees the Lord of earth and sky
Become a Babe that cries as other babies cry,
That He might heal our wounds and ancient
malady.

Weeping, cries she then, 'Fount of piety,
Who has dared to put such poor rags on Thee,
Who has counsel given to give all for me,
But the Almighty zeal of burning charity ?

What so fit a name for such love is found,
Underneath whose might heaven's king lies
 bound,
In the swathing bands clasping tightly round,
See the holy chains love's strong hands have
 wound.

Sweetest little one, Babe beyond compare,
Happy who is suffered Thee to tend and bear,
Hands and feet to kiss, grief to soothe and
 share,
Spending all his days in such loving care.

Ah me, that I may not have the duty dear
To console his anguish, paying tear for tear,
His tender infant frame to cherish and to cheer,
Whilst his cradle-bed I sit ever near.

I do think the Child would not turn away,
But would smile upon me, as is childhood's
 way ;

His most dear compassion would my grief
allay,
Nor when asked forgiveness would He say me
nay.

Happy whom Christ's Mother so vouchsafes to
bless
With this ample wage for his faithfulness,
That he once a day may her Child caress,
Once may share the play of his mirthfulness.

For his bath each morning I should love to
bring,
In my toil rejoicing, water from the spring ;
And to serve his Mother still in everything,
His poor baby clothes I would wash and
wring."

Then the loving soul, to be poor athirst,
Craves the meanest diet, and of clothes the
worst,
Hardest toil accounteth of all joys the first,
Worldly pomp forsaketh as of God accursed.

TIERCE. Thus Christ's gracious childhood weaving in
her song,
Through the hour of Prime she is borne along,
Then to Tierce leaps forward, with emotion
strong,
Musing what Christ suffered when He taught
the throng.

Then Christ's labours all weeping counts she
o'er,
Heat, fatigue and cold, thirst and hunger sore,
Which for sinners' sake he unflinching bore,
Their corrupted hearts striving to restore.

With love's breath her voice like a flame
upstirred,
Singeth "quick, oh quick," this most dainty
bird;
Covetous of death as of life deferred,
Unto whom the world seems a loathly sherd;

Crying, "poor man's solace, exile's safe retreat,
Of the weeping sinner comforter most sweet,
Gentlest thou of preachers, as is surely meet,
Both the just and sinners hang about thy feet.

Thou the just man's rule, teaching him to live,
Sinner's mirror thou, image true to give,

JOHN OF HOVEDEN'S "NIGHTINGALE." 123

For the weak and weary, strong restorative,
For the sick to death, death's inhibitive.

Thou once more among us didst love's school
renew,
Teaching us God's glory ever to pursue,
The world's false advances firmly to eschew,
That the robe sin lost us we might wear anew,

Though the world this school ventures to
despise,
Mocking at as naught what it most doth prize,
Still thy love is loth sinners to chastise,
And when asked for mercy, mercy ne'er denies.

'Pitiful' and 'kind'—titles that fit Thee near,
For all thy kingdom lies in love and not in
fear,
In kindly words not blows, nor is the reve-
rence dear,
Fearful scholars yield to a rule austere.

She, the woman taken in her sin unchaste,
Before boundless mercy knew that she was
placed ;
This felt the Magdalen manifoldly graced,
As she went in peace, all her sins effaced.

Why should I say more, all his scholars
know

That to wash them clean saving waters flow,
That within their hearts seeds of virtue grow,
That their life is kept from their envious foe.

Under this dear master happy who may fill,
From the holy honey that his lips distil,
So his heart with sweetness more and more
until
All beside is bitter, all doth savour ill."

This and much beside as her heart perpend,
And in glad thanksgiving strives to make
amends,
She in God's high praises more and more
transcends,
So the hour of tierce in her singing ends.

'Quickly, quickly,' cries she, wondrous passionate,
With excessive weeping for her pilgrim state,
Yielding praise and glory with emotion great
Unto Christ, who for her bore such painful
freight.

At this hour the soul drunken seems with woe,
Yet about the midday, in the ardent glow
To Christ's sacred Passion she betakes her so,
That the darts of love deeper in may go.

SEXT. Then God's tender lamb she begins to mourn,
Lamb without a spot, crowned with cruel
thorn,
Pierced with nails and hung on a cross forlorn,
With deep gaping wounds all his body torn.

Then cries the loving soul with loud lamenta-
tion
Still her cry, " ' quick, quickly, ' my heart's ease
is gone,
In my keen compassion for that face so wan,
For those dying eyes that I am looking on.

Could it thee become, Son of God most high,
Dying to sustain so great indignity,
So the hellish foe thou wouldst force to fly,
So for us display love's emblazonry.

These are love's own colours, and he well doth
know
How to bind extremes, blending high with low ;

We are too life-chary shews He dying so,
All himself outpouring in such lavish flow.

Thou, new Friend, new wine, as the wise man
says,
Rendering to thy worth no unfaithful praise ;
Thou well-tasted one, pouring out always,
Crushing thy sweet Body, that most precious
vase.

Taught by these love-tokens learns the peni-
tent
Christ this gracious bounty from his heart has
meant,
Holding this by Satan I shall not be shent,
Thus of sin's fell purpose all the force be spent.

' Quick, oh quick,' I cry, as on thee I look,
Mourning, Jesus dear, that I thee forsook,
Discipline I crave, that with her earnest crook,
She may bring me to, as did thee love's keen
hook.

What an ugly hook thy love threw thee when
She would win of Thee to suffer death for men,
Ah, too dear a bait clothed that hook, for then
All the gain of souls lay before thy ken.

Though to thy keen eyes all the hook lay bare,
Thee no pricking could from thy purpose
scare ;

To press full upon it was thy only care,
So intense a love for the bait was there.

Thou for wretched me whom thou heldest dear,
Knowingly didst thrust thyself upon death's
spear,

When thou didst vouchsafe a victim to appear,
That thy blood my soul from its guilt might
clear.

Who shall dare to wonder if for thee I pine,
Wed to such a husband through no grace of
mine ;

For my love thou feedest in a way divine,
Dying for my solace such a death as thine.

Nor suffices weeping, but I would not spare,
Even as Job sayeth, to pluck and tear my hair,
Within the caverned rock my little nest pre-
pare,

And breathe my latest breath in peace no other
where.

So I die not with thee I may find no peace,
Crying, ' quick, oh quick, ' I shall never cease

This my hot desire never shall decrease,
Let the world account me cheaply as it please."

Then as one distraught, "butchers, fasten me
Straitly here with Christ on the fatal tree,
No where could I meet death so willingly.
For in death thou, Christ, in mine arms
wouldst be.

There is naught at all sorrow's rage may still
Which my soul transpierces every hour, until
Thou, the source of sweetness, dost the part
fulfil
Of the good physician medicining mine ill.

Kindest of physicians, not with lancet's smart,
But with gentle pressure from the labouring
heart,
Thou dost force the poison, thou dost strength
impart,
Binding us unto thee with love's matchless art.

Fouly, very fouly, is the world astray
Which though sorely wounded in the deadly
fray
From this kind physician needs must turn away,
Whose sweet open side is the sick man's stay.

JOHN OF HOVEDEN'S "NIGHTINGALE." 129

Why, O man, not gather in thy memory
All the gifts Christ's Passion hath bestowed on
thee!

From the fowler's net it hath set thee free,
And hath made thee share Christ's felicity.

He gave thee sick to death his own Flesh for
food,
And hath washed thee freely in his precious
Blood,
Bared his heart before thee, hanging on the
wood,
That at length his loving might be understood.

Laver of refreshment Thou, food of whole-
someness,
Granting to the worthy unto heaven access,
Him whom Thou consolest toil shall not dis-
tress,
Though to sluggish souls Thou art weariness.

The dull, slothful heart in no wise perpend
What the Lord exposing his dear Heart intends
Nor, when on the Cross He his arms extends,
What a couch is given for its rest, attends

When this couch is shewn to the heart that's
pure,
Straight it flies upon it, fixing itself sure,
As the fierce hawk flesheth in the ruddy lure
That they offer to him whom they would secure.

Then the soul outcrieth, like to one insane,
"O dear couch of flesh, whence the blood doth
rain
From so many places, why may I not gain
To be wounded with Thee, so to death attain.

Since, alas, I may not in such death engage,
I will choose another for my true love's wage;
Naught shall my lamenting, naught my tears
assuage,
Till I quit for ever life's long pilgrimage."

After this the sweet soul, in the light of faith
More and more increasing, failing sight and
breath,
Loving more than ever though she nothing
saith,
On her bed reclining, languishes to death.

All her throat's sweet organ made one gaping
wound,
With her tongue still quivering without any
sound,
Fullest compensation words in tears have found,
As she mourns her master all in sorrow drowned.

She may find no solace for her sorrow's smart,
Save in sighs that from her labouring bosom
start ;
From Christ's wounds her eyes never may
depart,
Naught from these dissever her afflicted heart:

So the soul remaineth as she ravished were,
As though her beloved still his anguish bare,
Nor her earnest gaze from the cross can tear,
For the eye hath station where the heart hath
care.

Groans and lamentations, tears and sighs avail
For her daily comfort, a meat that doth not
fail ;
In the mystic sorrows that her heart assail
A new kind of martyr we devoutly hail.

NONE. In this state she scorneth all that earth can
breed,
Worldly consolation counts a poisonous weed;
But when none she reaches, then she dies
indeed,
Every bond is broken by love's headlong speed.

For, at none recalling that her Crucified,
Crying, "it is finished," at the ninth hour died,
She as dying with him, and in death, his bride,
Cries, "that voice transpierces and makes issue
wide."

And so no longer bearing her love's impetuous
heat,
She dies as hath been written, a death sur-
passing sweet,
The gates of God fly open and heavenly voices
greet
The advent of a spirit pure for angel converse
meet.

No dirge or slow sad Requiem for such a soul
is fit,
But the High Mass "Gaudeamus," with its
merry Introit,

To offer prayers for martyrs would argue scanty
wit,
And no such derogation the canon will
permit.

Arise and come, beloved, rose beyond com-
pare,
Lily of the valley, jewel rich and rare,
Who in earth's contagion hast not any share,
Lovely in thy going forth, in thy death how
fair !

Happy thou possessing long desired rest,
In his arms who loves thee, sleeping on his
breast,
Evermore o'ershadowed by his spirit blest,
Whilst his honied kisses on thy brow are
pressed:

Tear-worn eyes are resting, tears have ceased
to flow,
Hope's long-garnered treasures now full clearly
shew;
For the Lord who drew thee from this world of
woe,
He, and not another, stands thy comfort now.

Tell me, O beloved, couldst thou weep again,
Or how heaven possessing suffer any pain,
For He only is whom thou dost attain,
And didst thou seek another, thou wouldst seek
in vain.

I must stint my song, lest my hearers tire,
Lest, describing all to my heart's desire
Of the bright estate of the heavenly choir,
I by evil tongues should be called a liar.

Therefore, brother mine, spite what others say,
Of this martyrdom tread the perfect way ;
Whilst thou forward farest never cease to pray
Christ the Lord may teach thee the true
martyr's lay.

Sing it, sing it freely, pious sister mine,
Or on life's drear journey you will sink and
pine,
After life-long joying in that song divine,
Jesus and his Mother shall be mine and thine.

Still baptised in tears, sorrow's martyrdom,
Sister, let thy heart here God's lute become ;

All thy powers combined, an organ never dumb ;
As here with Christ, so there with Christ at
home.

Then shall cease lamenting and the voice of
woe,
When with choirs of angels leaving earth below,
You shall pass to heaven's rest still singing as
you go,
The bride of God while on and on the eternal
ages flow.

*FROM F. GAZET'S "PIA HILARIA."*TWO CHILDREN BREAKFAST WITH THE
CHILD JESUS.

I N Santarene, a town of Portugal,
There dwelt one Bernard, a Dominican,
The holiest of a holy brotherhood.
Two little boys it was his wont to teach,
A gentle pair, docile and innocent.
He taught them morsels from the Holy Writ,
Small grammar tasks and good behaviour,
And eke to serve at the thrice-holy Mass.
They, as their master bade, would stand or
kneel
With eyes unwandering and with ears intent,
Nor ever slipped they answering the priest.
They were as modest as they well might be;
Not like my boys, whose slack attention flags,
Catching at every straw and every fly
That buzzes to and fro about the church.
When Mass was over, at their master's word,

Into a neighbouring chapel they withdrew
To eat the breakfast they had brought from
home.

Each had a basket by his mother crammed
With apples, grapes, or cheese, or mellow figs,
And toothsome bread ; nor was there wanting
wine,

Such as it was—more water, though, than wine—
Stored in their bottles of the bellying gourd.
There on a wooden bench they sat them down,
And having said, as well they knew, their grace,
Would share with one another each his store,
And, turn and turn about, would quench his
thirst,

At his companion's bottle or his own.
Full often had they feasted in that place,
Where stood an ancient altar, and above
A comely statue of the Virgin queen.
Upon a lofty throne Our Lady sat,
Her child upon her lap, from whence He cast
An eager look, which seemed to ask for food,
To where the children feasted. One might
swear

He really hungered—did He not ? for, lo,
From out his Mother's opening arms He slips,
First on the altar, then upon the ground,

And coming close bids them a kind "Good
morrow."

"Good-morrow" they, then eagerly they press
The new-come stranger to sit down with them,
And fill his lap, not waiting to be asked,
With apples, nuts, and grapes, and ruddy
cherries.

And Jesus takes their gifts of fellowship,
And child with children eats and eats again,
And tries each flask to see what it contains.
The basket empty and their hunger gone,
Bidding good-bye, they part, each to his
home—

The Holy Child climbs to his Mother's arms.
And down He comes again to them next day
And every day finds Jesus still their guest :
Long while they silence keep, nor speak one
word,

As haply is the wont of innocence.

At length they tell their master how a Child,
Most fair to see, leaving his Mother's knee
Was wont to share their meal—that He had
brought

Nothing as yet Himself. Their master stands
In wondering joy, then bids them thus address
The Child, should He return to be their guest—

"My Lord, some months are gone since you
began

(Forgive our saying so) to be our guest,
And not one morsel have you brought yourself.
Now bring, we pray you, something of your
own,

Or, better still, (what we should like much
better),

Ask us, our master and ourselves to come
And dine with you : he craves it, and we too."
Their master's words they fasten in their
minds,

And once again to breakfast Jesus comes,
As though he loved to live upon his friends,
And having finished, and now turned to go,
The children catch Him by the sleeve and
speak

With guileless hearts the words they had been
told.

Upon the simple boys the Boy-God smiled :
"Well-spiced, dear innocence," He cries, "by
me

Of all most loved and honoured ; you shall
come,

Your master and yourselves, I pledge my word,
To be my guests this next Ascension Day;

'Tis close at hand, and you shall surely come ;
Go tell your master, and till then farewell."
This when they heard joy filled their hearts
indeed,

And running home they to their master cry—
" O master, master, that dear golden Boy,
Who was our guest and daily ate with us,
Most willingly to our request agreed,
And now invites both you and us to dine
At his own table next Ascension Day."

Bernard prepares for death, and tells the boys
That he and they should very soon repair
To the bright Palace with the roof of gold,
And golden walls and pavement diamond-
strewn,

Wherein a glorious banquet should be spread,
And all their fellow-guests be priests and kings.
Oh, how the children's hearts leaped up for
joy,

At very thought of such a goodly feast !
Their restless tongues would, and yet would
not tell,

For fear their mothers should not let them go.
At length, at length, the promised day appears ;
The children come with hands and faces washed,
And tunics white, while Bernard says the Mass

At the old altar of the Virgin's shrine ;
 Serving, they often turn their prayerful eyes,
 And fix them on their sometime little guest,
 Lest in his Mother's arms He might forget.
 They thought the Child Divine with friendly
 nod,
 Bid them prepare, whilst Bernard's soul is rapt
 In breathless joy above the starry heaven.
 The "Ite missa est" is hardly said,
 Lo, gentle sleep upon the three comes down,
 And by a painless death, their souls released,
 Fly to the nuptials where the Lamb Divine
 Forever is the Table, Feast, and Host.
 I envy you, dear master and dear boys,
 Your goodly feast (forgive my jealousy),
 But, more than all, your innocence I crave,
 The fitting herald of so fair a doom.

HYMN, "LAUREATA NOVO THOMA."

LET thy voice in triumph sound,
Canterbury laurel crowned,
For thy martyr's victory ;
As St. Peter doth in Rome,
Let our Thomas in his home
Keep his jubilee ;
And the world-wide Church throughout
Christians, pay your vows devout
To St. Thomas joyfully:

Thomas, because he kept God's law,
The jealous wrath enkindled saw
Of England's haughty king ;
And so he crossed the sea and went
In self-inflicted banishment
To the French court and king.

That monarch did him quickly meet,
And, as a son his father, greet

With words of reverent love ;
Our Thomas while he sojourned there
As though he still a novice were,
In holy warfare strove.

At length when peace begins to smile,
False peace, intended to beguile,
Unto his own he hies ;
And there he doth the right uphold,
Despite the weapons manifold
His raging foeman plies.

Who now with fox's craft would win,
And now a tiger breaketh in,
Where he may reach his prey ;
Who now would threaten, now would court,
The saint admits no base resort
Nor changeth any way.

But when the king may plainly see
This champion bold of verity
In his resolve is set,
He doth all justice overleap,
Against the shepherd arms the sheep,
That he may vengeance get.

And therefore wicked murderers go
Who neither faith nor mercy know,

And, bent to hurl from out his seat
This friend of freedom 'neath their feet
The peaceful church invade

The holy Bishop meets them straight,
He will not shun their deadly hate,
He does not heed their outcries vile,
But prayeth in his heart the while,
And is no whit afraid.

Upon his mother's sacred breast,
The martyred Pontiff sinks to rest,
His head receives the blow ;
He meets the death so long desired ;
But scarce the martyr has expired,
When healing virtues flow.

Why need we speak when testify
The miracles which instantly
That victim blood obtains ?
Stern death obeys, the demon flies,
The hopeless from their sickness rise,
Vanish the leper's stains.

Thou most rough-angled Angles' king,
Forget'st thou that the Angels' King
Will every act to judgment bring

HYMN, "LAUREATA NOVO THOMA." 145

That thine for vengeance calls !
What men have sown the same they reap,
Nor may that head forgotten sleep,
When God a strict account doth keep
Of every hair that falls.

Bright honour of the priestly name !
Thomas, our fleshly natures tame
By thy most potent aid,
That we in Christ the one true Vine
Firm rooted, of the Life Divine
Be glad partakers made.

Amen

11

*"EXULTET LAUDIBUS" BREV.
ROTHOMAG.*

LET the heavens above joy to overflowing,
While her earnest love happy earth is
shewing,
Hymning her applause.

The fount of bliss unsealed heaven's citizens is
thrilling,
God to their hearts revealed with light each
heart is filling,
Of every joy the cause.

The Lamb Divine is seen, no cloud his God-
head knowing ;
To wash the sinner clean the saving blood still
flowing,
A sacrifice for aye.

The mother that Him bare unto her Son is
nighest,
Her form the fairest there, her throne it is the
highest,
Filled full of grace alway.

There too the prophet band, robes of triumph
wearing,

In the promised land with the angels sharing,
Swell the nuptial song.

On twelve thrones of light there the chosen
college,

Who with words of might spread their sacred
knowledge

Every tribe among,

Here on either side, in bright ranks appearing,
Those for God who died, in their hands up-
rearing

Their victorious palms.

Priests who gave to eat to the flock untiring

Here are set at meat every joy inspiring,

Sheltered from all harms.

Doctors of the light, errors none molesting,

Drink at fountains bright, in the Godhead
resting,

Truth without alloy.

They that sowed their seed in their lifetime
weeping,

Here in very deed from their toil are reaping

Fruits of endless joy.

Maids and matrons chaste, clad in garments
shining,
To the nuptials haste, rank with rank combining,
Of the Virgin's Son.

All in floods of light plunged as in a river,
Hymn the loving might of the eternal Giver,
The thrice Holy One.

Us dear Patrons guide, in your care confiding,
O'er the ocean wide, till, life's storm subsiding,
We are all at peace.

God, his saints' reward, our sad wants supplying,
For your sakes afford that his love undying
In our hearts increase.

Amen.

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH.

[TRANSLATION.]

FATHER of our Saviour, hail,
Joseph thrice beloved,
Our Redeemer's guardian hail,
Joseph thrice approved !

Of God's mother thou wert spouse,
Man as Angel pure ;
Thou the Lord of all did'st house,
Seraph to endure.

Sweet, how sweet, the cradle bed
Where you nursed your boy ;
Days and months how swift ye fled
In that sweet employ !

In your sight your Jesus lay,
And, oh, bliss of blisses,
Giving back as children pay
Kisses for your kisses !

Now as God your child you name,
And entreat a blessing,
Now your God as child you claim
With your close caressing.

Him to hold, ah, this alone
What ecstatic pleasure !
To have Jesus all one's own,
Riches beyond measure !

Dearest Joseph, all must praise
Thy matchless dignity ;
Him whom God Himself obeys
All must magnify.

No such lot as this of thine,
Flower of castimony,
Has the Lord of grace Divine
Granted ever any.

Happy he and safe and blest
Who from tempest's rage
Finds his shelter and his rest
'Neath thy patronage.

By thy Virgin mother's prayer,
By the womb that bore thee,
By thy Joseph's fostering care,
Jesu, we implore thee,

Grant that we may find a place
Whence no sin may sever,
Gazing ever on thy face,
Holding Thee for ever.

THE SEVEN WORDS.

[TRANSLATION.]

HAIL, Jesu, hail ! who, while they slay,
Dost freely for thy murderers pray
Pardon for that they owe ;
Oh, make us easy to forgive,
Not seeking vengeance while we live
In thought or word or blow.

Hail, Jesu, hail ! who to the thief !
That did repent, of goods the chief
Made promise to restore ;
Oh, with contrition such as his
Both now and when our death hour is
Endow us we implore !

Hail, Jesu, hail ! who 'neath the Rood
The while thy mother weeping stood
Commendedst her to John ;
With a like care for us provide,
That we may steadfastly abide
When dangers hurry on.

Hail, Jesu, hail ! by that sad way
Thou didst unto thy Father say
"Thou hast forsaken me ;"
Forsake me not, but bid me stand,
Secured by thy supporting hand,
In mine extremity.

Hail, Jesu, hail ! who cried, I thirst,
And with a sponge in gall immersed
Wast drenched, yet feedest all ;
Oh, make me thirst for joys above,
Nor waste below a foolish love
On joys that fade and fall.

Hail, Jesu, hail ! who didst fulfil
Wholly, for us, thy Father's will,
For us thy merits stand ;
"'Tis finish'd : " may what we intend
Beginning well still better end,
The fruit of thy command.

Hail, Jesu, hail ! ere death could close
Thy loving speech and dying throes,
Delivering up thy soul
Unto thy Father ; grant that we
Live cleansed and justified in Thee,
And dying win the goal.

DANTE V. N. SONETTO 15.

SO frankly sweet, a purity so rare
My Lady shews while she would others
greet,

That every tongue dies faltering at her feet,
Nor any eye to gaze on her may dare.
She moves along, hearing that she is fair,
In modest dignity, a garment meet,
And seems indeed a miracle complete
Bestowed on earth by heaven's benignant care.
So sweet to look upon ! so pleasantly
Her sweetness sinks through eyes into the
heart,

As none may understand who have not known ;
And ever from her lips there seemeth blown
A gentle breath replete with love's own art,
Which whispers to the soul and bids it sigh.

V. N. SONETTO 24.

AH pilgrims musing haply as ye move
On other matters than are present here,
That never town or hamlet situate near
To ours hath sent ye forth methinks ye prove,
Who thus your way unsympathising shove
Our weeping city through, without a tear,
As persons knowing not how very dear
Was she, our loss, and how much worthy love.
Stay for a space, and should ye hear me well,
My sad heart sighing has assured me this,
Ye shall shed tears or ever ye shall go,
For now our Florence loses Beatrice ;
And what of her her people have to tell
Would cause the tears of all the world to flow.

V. N. SONETTO 25.

BEYOND the widest circling sphere had
gone

The sigh that issued from my labouring breast,
Methinks new wisdom by the art impressed
Of tearful love, was that which bore it on ;
And when the point of its desire was won,
A lady it beheld whom 'mid the rest
The stranger spirit honoured, who but guessed
By the great light of her that in it shone ;
But afterwards when this it did aver,
I might not understand its subtleties,
When the sad heart would question it with
tears :

Then came to me the thought of Beatrice,
And so I knew indeed it spake of her,
And this, dear ladies, all the marvel clears.

A. M. SONETTO 44.

I THOUGHT that I had left, to court no
more,

Good Messer Cino, this your favourite muse,
Seeing I now another course must choose,
And steer my bark much further from the
shore ;

But since I oft have heard our friends deplore
That you are wont no love-bait to refuse,
I am advised this once again to use
The art my fingers wearied in of yore.

Who, as you do, the lover's part can play,
Binding and casting loose at pleasure's cry,
Shews plainly that his love-wound is but
slight ;

But if your heart so many fancies tie,
Amend yourself, for God's dear sake, I pray,
And wed to gentle language deeds of light.

A. M. SONETTO 45.

GUIDO, I would that Lappo, I, and you,
Beneath the influence of some mighty
spell,

Were set within a vessel that as well
Should sail all weathers, to our fancy true,
That neither storms nor all that fate can do
From out its course that vessel might compel;
So would the act of being together tell
On the desire forever springing new.
The Lady Vanna, Lady Bice, yea
Some thirty more to bear her company,
Should with us, by the same good wizard sent;
And with love ever for our argument
We one and all should fare contentedly;
I well conceive it would be as I say.

PETRARCA. SONETTO 210.

LET who would learn the best that nature
may

And heaven produce among us, come and see

Her who not only is a sun to me,

But to the world purblind to virtue's ray.

Let him come quickly, for death takes away

The better first, letting the guilty be.

She, looked for long in heaven's high empery,

Fair flower of earth, fleets fast and will not
stay.

He shall behold, if but in time he come,

All queenliness and every virtue bright,

In one fair mould a perfect union keeping,

And he shall say my sweetest verse is dumb,

My vision marred by the excess of light :

A long delay inherits life-long weeping.

SONETTO 251.

THOSE eyes I sang so hotly, purest mould
Of hands and arms and feet, and the
dear face
Which lost me to myself, and, in the race
Of life, above my fellows did uphold ;
The crispèd tresses of translucent gold,
The lightening of that smile's angelic grace,
Which changed to heaven mine earthly dwell-
ing place,
Are now but dust that feels not, dull and cold.
And I yet live ; for this I chafe and groan,
Lorn of that light that ever loved have I,
Or highly placed or cast away alone.
Ended is all mine amorous minstrelsy,
My vein is dry, its vigour spent and gone,
Or changed to tears that flow perpetually.

SONETTO 302.

THE angels and the saints who dwell in
bliss,

What day my Lady passed from earthly bound,
The citizens of heaven, were clustering round :

“What new-born light of loveliness is this ?”

With a new wonder in their joy’s abyss,

Crying to one another, “Since we found

One in such raiment pass from darkling ground

Of wandering earth a century it is.”

With the most perfect she has found her place,

And moves rejoicing in her changed estate ;

But now and then I see her turn her face

To look if I am coming, fain to wait ;

And so I urge toward heaven my heart apace,

For I can hear her pray I be not late.

SONETTO 317.

THOU little bird that singest wandering,
 Plaining of happy days that would not
 last,

As night and winter gather on thee fast,
As fall behind thee daylight and the spring ;
If, as thou know'st thy sad heart's reckoning,
Thou didst know mine with a like grief o'er-
 cast,

Into my hapless bosom thou hadst past
To share with me thy freight of suffering.
I know not if thy lot with mine agree,
If she, thy grief, is haply living yet,
Whilst death and heaven have mine begrudged
 to me ;

But this dark hour and season of regret,
The stress of sad and joyful memory,
To speak with thee a longing doth beget.

BICE, INDIA, AUG. 2, 1877.

I.

WE knew the orbit of our darling star
Would hide it from us for a weary
while,

And fed our yearning on a pictured smile,
A reflex gleam that floated from afar ;
But now an interdict Divine doth bar
Its ever dawning in our wistful ken,
Till we, too, vanish from the eyes of men
To dwell immortal where the angels are.

Old paths grow dim ; where once in light we
trod,

Our weary eyes a quenchless sorrow blinds ;
In the deep shadow of earth's " never more "
Fond memory sits fingering her trifles o'er ;
Our star the while its perfect orbit finds,
Circling for ever round the throne of God.

II.

Youngest of seven, with all thy life before,
So lately wife and mother, and now dead,
The golden future ripening o'er thy head,
A barren promise : we would fain adore
The Almighty will, but find our hearts too
sore

To hold the thought that God in this was good,
And such affliction love misunderstood,
Nor mortal lips beseem such mystic lore.

Oh, once our youngest, now our eldest grown,
In that far country where our Father reigns,
Teach us how cheaply purchased by thy pains
The endless joys that God has made thine
own ;

To our sad hearts the gracious scheme repeat
Thou learn'st but now at the great Master's
feet.

III.

What shall we do for Bice's sake,
That dwelling here with her at one,
When what remains of life is done,
Our darling we may overtake

Where tears are dried and life's dull ache
Dies in the hush of heaven begun,
Where streams that here must severed run
Mingle and rest in one still lake?
Ah this, at least : from sleep awake,
And forfeit not for dreams that pass
The promise of the sea of glass,
God's mirror that no storm may break,
Nor life's one joy 'mid fading bowers,
The presence of her God and ours.

SONETTO. VITTORIA COLONNA.

FROM earthly sound I fain would find
release,
The more in thought to listen calm and free
To tones of high angelic minstrelsy,
Where truest love is wed to truest peace.
God's living spirit breathes and does not cease
From string to string of each live psaltery,
And every movement doth in one agree.
The eternal concord knoweth no decrease,
Love winds the voices high, love sinks them
low,
Orders and sways the ample harmonies
That none strike vainly counter to the air :
And ever sweeter doth the music grow
In subtle changes of its diverse keys,
For He who framed it hath it in his care.

*TO FR. NEWMAN ON HIS ELEVATION
TO THE CARDINALATE.*

I.

IN HONOREM.

ALL honours are deserved and give content
Within that city's golden quadrature
Where true awards all-righteous hands secure,
And none may doubt or question the intent;
Nor human wills as here are warped and bent
From the strict line of right by selfish lure,
Or clashing interest; but doth aye endure
In each one's joy the unanimous consent.

Methinks the purple that hath crowned thy years
Is thus accepted by the general voice
As each man's good, because so just a thing.
High and aloof from selfish hopes and fears
Strangers and friends with one accord rejoice,
As they would antedate heaven's reckoning.

II.

IN MEMORIAM.

Yes, all rejoice ; and all express their joy ;
But this methought is but an idle boast,
Standing beside his grave whose joy should
most

Abound upon this day ; whose life's employ
Had been to shield thy life from the annoy
Of daily burdens, never counting cost :
In his enjoyment half thy joy is lost,
And what thou hast, clogged with a dull alloy.

He does rejoice, but it is far away ;
He can no signal make that this is so ;
No flowret breaks upon his grave to-day,
This sad late spring tide ; for the churchyards
know

No law but nature's, till the Almighty stay
The seasons in their solemn ebb and flow.

III.

IN VOTUM.

The verse wherein I would congratulate
More genial ending merits than a sigh ;
So once again my feeble fingers try

To twine some flowers whose cheerful hues
might mate
The goodly vestments of thy new estate,
With well-phrased wishes that should testify
To all I feel; yet there the flowers lie:
My wishes so each other emulate,
God only could to peaceful issue bring
The conflict of their contrasts manifold;
For I would wish new blessings with the old,
And all the old renewed, the flowers of spring
In autumn's peaceful lap, and not one face
Missed in thy circle from its wonted place.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

THE HEART.—HERMANN NEUMAN.

THE Heart hath chambers twain
Where harbour
Near neighbours, joy and pain.

When joy her watch is keeping,
Then sorrow
Lies in her chamber sleeping.

Ah, joy! for joy's sweet sake
Speak softly,
That sorrow may not wake.

THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING—WILHELM MÜLLER.

FLING wide your windows, wide your hearts,
Quickly, quickly!
The old man, winter, forth will go,
He shuffles strangely to and fro,
Starting as though from pain or fear
As he huddles about him all his gear
Quickly, quickly.

Fling wide your windows, wide your hearts,
Quickly, quickly !
He spies the young spring at the door,
Who by the ear will lug him sore,
And pluck his beard, so long and white ;
Such freaks wild fellows much delight,
Quickly, quickly.

Fling wide your windows, wide your hearts,
Quickly, quickly !
The youngster knocks and rattles so,
And hark ! the darling voice I know ;
He cries aloud and knocks amain,
With flower buds on the window pane,
Quickly, quickly.

Fling wide your windows, wide your hearts,
Quickly, quickly !
But should you think to say him nay,
Full many servants in his pay
He'll call to help him at the door,
And knock and rattle all the more,
Quickly, quickly.

Fling wide your windows, wide your hearts,
Quickly, quickly !

For straightway comes the dawn-wind wild,
With full round cheeks, a rosy child,
And blows till all things rock and ring,
To make his lord an opening,
Quickly, quickly,

Fling wide your windows, wide your hearts,
Quickly, quickly!
Comes sunshine, too, a gallant knight,
And breaks his lance all golden bright,
And the soft flatterer flower-scent
Glides in through every rift and rent
Quickly, quickly.

Fling wide your windows, wide your hearts,
Quickly, quickly!
Her onset rings the nightingale,
And hark! within there does not fail
A merry echo answering,
Come in, come in, sweet joy of spring,
Quickly, quickly!

THE EVENING SEA.—ALFRED MEISSGER.

O SEA with sunset glow
On thy unruffled floor,
I feel my trouble go,
I am at peace once more !

My fevered heart forgets
Its weariness and wrong,
Its very cries and frets
Are softening into song.

With just one tender thrill
Of sorrow, like the flight
Athwart thy waters still,
Of yon sail glimmering white.

A CHILD'S DEATH.—UHLAND.

AH! come and gone ! how faintly show
Thy footprints left upon our strand :
Whence come ? where gone ? but this we
know,
From God's own hand to God's own hand.

A QUESTION.—HALM.

My heart, I will put thee a question,
Say, what is love, I entreat?
Two souls with one thought between them,
Two hearts with a single beat.

And say whence love comes hither?
Here he is, we know, that is all:
When he goes, tell me, how and whither?
If he goes 'twas not love at all.

And what love loves most purely?
The love that has no self-quest:
And where is the deepest loving?
Where love is silentest.

And when is love at its richest?
When most it has given away:
And what the tongue love useth?
The love that it cannot say.

THE MIGRATORY BIRD.—FREDERICK HEBBEL.

My little bird, my darling, say
What end is set to thy long way?

I know not, I,
But while I fly,
By instinct led I cannot stray.

My dearest bird, recount to me
The treasures hope has promised thee ?
Such gentle air,
Such odours rare,
And a new spring she promised me.

Thou hast not seen that gracious strand,
How knowest thou there is any land ?
Question all day
Is merely play,
But hard to answer at command.

So in her generous faith-sense strong,
The bird o'er ocean floats along, |
And gentle air,
And odours rare,
Are hers ; to her of right belong.

"O lieb so lang du lieben kannst."

FREILIGRATH.

Love thou as long as love thou canst,
Losing no love which thou mayest keep ;

The hour comes, the hour comes,
To stand amid thy graves and weep.

Take heed thy heart responsive glow,
Love both to cherish and return ;
Whenever any other heart
Ventures for thee to beat and burn.

To one who with thee shares his heart
Oh, render all thou canst again ;
Labour to please him every hour,
Nor for a moment cause him pain.

And for thy tongue, oh, guard it well,
Hard words are spoken easily ;
Indeed they were not meant, but still
Thy friend sore grieving turned from thee.

Love thou as long as love thou canst, &c.

Thou kneelest down beside his grave
Hiding thy tearful eyes, alas !
Thou ne'er shall see thy comrade more
Amid the dewy churchyard grass.

Thy cry is, oh, but look again
On one that weeps upon thy grave,
Forgive me that I gave thee pain ;
O God ! indeed I did but rave.

But he nor sees thee nor may meet,
Nor any joy of welcome have;
The mouth that kissed thee may not greet
Thine ear and say, I long forgave.

'Tis true thou art forgiven long,
But many a bitter tear-drop fell
Because of thy harsh words, and now
His course is finished: it is well.

Love thou as long as love thou canst, &c.

THE GRAVE.—SALIS.

STILL is the grave, and over
Its brink we shuddering stand,
For its dark shadows cover
An undiscovered land.

No nightingale's sweet singing
Into its breast may pass,
The rose of friendship's bringing
Lies only on its grass.

About it brides forsaken
In vain their hands may wring,
No orphan's cries awaken
Its earth-bound slumbering.

Yet here alone from heaven
Hath peace so longed for come,
Through this dark gate is given
The only pathway home.

The sad heart that sustaineth
The stress of tempests sore,
Its true repose obtaineth
Here, where it beats no more.

THE LAST POET.—ANASTATIUS GRÜN.

WHEN will the race of poets
Their singing put away,
When wearily expire
The old eternal lay?

Are they not nigh to draining
The once o'erflowing horn,
What flower is yet ungathered,
What new birth to be born?

As long as the sun's chariot
Glides through the azure sky,
And but one face be lifted
Unto it wistfully;

As long as heaven keepeth
Its storms and thunder-roll,
And 'neath the solemn terror
Trembles one human soul ;

As long as o'er the cloud rack
The rainbow flings its stain,
And but one heart finds comfort,
And is itself again ;

As long as heaven at midnight
Is strewn with starry seed,
And but one man is able
The golden text to read ;

As long as in the moonlight
One heart can fear and love,
And wild-wood branches murmur
One weary head above ;

As long as spring shows greenly,
As long as roses blow,
As eyes are bright with laughter,
And blushes come and go ;

'Mid graves with their sad cypress,
While sorrow still can wake,

And there are eyes for weeping,
And but one heart to break ;

So long shall dwell among us
The goddess Poesy,
And with her wander freely
Her votive minstrelsy.

Through earth's old homestead singing,
See in one man combined
The last of all the poets,
The last of human kind !

Upon its stem still resteth
Creation's flower untorn,
God's hand the bloom caresses
He smiled on newly born.

When once the giant blossom
Is wholly overblown,
And earth and sun and heaven
Like flower dust has flown ;

Then ask, unless for asking
The wish has passed away,
Is yet sung out and over
The old eternal lay ?

APPENDIX.

JOANNIS HOVEDENI PHILOMENA.

HILOMENA prævia temporis amœni,
P Quæ recessum nuntias imbris atque cœni
Dum mulcescis animos tuo cantu leni,
Ave, prudentissima, ad me quæso veni.

Veni, veni, mittam te, quo non possum ire,
Ut amicum valeas cantu delinire,
Tollens ejus tristia voce dulcis lyræ,
Quem, heu, modo nescio verbis convenire.

Ergo pia suppleas meum imperfectum,
Salutando dulciter unicum dilectum,
Eique denunties, qualiter affectum
Sit cor meum jugiter ejus ad aspectum.

Quod si quærat aliquis, quare te elegi
Meum esse nuntium, sciat quia legi
De te quædam propria, quæ divinæ legi
Et optato munere placent summo regi.

Igitur, charissime, audi nunc attente,
Nam si cantus volucris hujus serves mente,
Ejus imitatio, spiritu docente,
Te coelestem musicum faciet repente.

De hac ave legitur, quod, cum deprehendit
Mortem sibi properam, arborem ascendit,
Summoque diluculo, rostrum sursum tendit,
Diversisque cantibus totam se impendit.

Cantilenis dulcibus præviat auroram,
Sed cum dies rutilat, circa primam horam,
Elevat prædulcius vocem insonoram,
In cantando nesciens pausam sive moram.

Circa vero tertiam, quasi modum nescit,
Quia semper gaudium cordis ejus crescit,
Vere guttur rumpitur, sic vox invalescit,
Et quo cantat altius, plus et inardescit.

Sed quum in meridie sol est in fervore,
Tunc dirumpit viscera nimio calore,

"Oci, oci" clamat illo suo more
Sicque sensu deficit cantus præ labore.

Sic quassato organo hujus Philomenæ,
Rostro tamen palpitans fit exsanguis pene,
Sed ad nonam veniens moritur jam plene,
Quum totius corporis disrumpuntur venæ.

Ecce dilectissime, breviter audisti
Factum hujus volucris, sed, si meministi,
Diximus jam primitus, quia cantus isti
Mystice conveniunt legi Jesu Christi.

Restat, ut intelligo, esse Philomenam
Animam virtutibus et amore plenam,
Quæ, dum mente peragrat patriam amœnam,
Satis delectabilem texit cantilenam.

Ad augmentum etenim suæ sanctæ spei,
Quædam dies mystica demonstratur ei;
Porro beneficia, quæ de manu Dei
Homo consecutus est, sunt horæ diei.

Mane vel diluculum hominis est status,
In quo mirabiliter homo est creatus,
Hora prima, quando est Deus incarnatus,
Tertiam dic spatium sui incolatus.

*Sextum, quum a perfidis voluit ligari,
 Trahi, cædi, conspui, dire cruciari,
 Crucifigi denique, clavis terebrari,
 Caputque sanctissimum spinis coronari.*

*Nonam dic, quum moritur, quando consum-
 matus
 Cursus est certaminis, quando superatus
 Est omnino Zabulus et hinc conturbatus ;*

*Vespera, quum Christus est sepulturæ datus.
 Diem istum anima meditans in hortis,
 Suæ facit terminum spiritalis mortis,
 Scandens crucis arborem, in qua leo fortis*

*Vicit adversarium, fractis portis mortis.
 Statim cordis organa sursum elevando
 Suum a diluculo cantum inchoando,
 Laudat et glorificat Deum, replicando*

*Sibi quam mirificus fuit hanc creando.
 Pie, inquit, Conditor, quando me creasti,
 Quam sit tua pietas largæ declarasti,
 Nam consortem gloriæ tuæ cogitasti
 Facere gratuite, gratis quam amasti.
 O quam mira dignitas mihi est concessa,
 Quum imago Domini mihi est impressa,*

Sed crevisset amplius dignitas possessa,
Nisi jussum Domini fuisset transgressa.

Nam tu, summa charitas, tibi cohærere
Me volebas jugiter, sursumque habere
Dulce domicilium, tecumque manere,
Et me velut filiam alere, docere.

Ex tunc disposueras in id adunare
Cœlicis agminibus teque mihi dare,
Sed pro tanta gratia quid recompensare
Possum, prorsus nescio, nisi te amare.

Unica suavitas, unica dulcedo,
Cordium amantium salutaris prædo,
Totum quidquid habeo vel sum tibi dedo,
Denique depositum meum tibi credo.

“Oci” cantat tale cor, gaudens in pressura,
Dicens, quia dignum est, ut a creatura
Diligatur opifex talis mente pura,
Ei quum exstiterit de se tanta cura.

Sic mens hoc diluculum transit meditando,
Sed ad primam transferens vocem exaltando,
Tempus acceptabile pie ruminando,
In quo venit Dominus carne se velando.

Tunc liquescit anima tota per amorem,
Pavida considerans omnium auctorem
Vagientem puerum juxta nostrum morem,
Et curare veterem velle se languorem.

Plorans ergo clamat : " O fons pietatis
Quis te pannis induit diræ paupertatis ?
Tibi quis consuluit sic te dare gratis,
Nisi zelus vehemens, ardor charitatis ?

Digne zelus vehemens est hic ardor dictus,
Cujus est dominio rex cælorum victus,
Cujus sanctis vinculis captus et constrictus
Pauperis infantuli pannis est amictus.

O prædulcis parvule, puer sine pari
Felix cui datum est te nunc amplexari,
Pedes, manus lambere, flecti consolari,
Tuis in obsequiis jugiter

Heu mi, cur non mecum emulcere
Vagientem puerum
Illos artus
Ejusque

Put
In

Et fiente pauperculo fletu condoleret,
Et peccanti facile venia faveret.

Felix qui tunc temporis matri singulari
Potuisset precibus ita famulari,
Ut in die sineret semel osculari
Suum dulcem parvulum eique jocari.

O quam libens balneum ei præparassem,
O quam libens humeris aquam apportassem,
In hoc libens virgini semper ministrassem,
Pauperisque parvuli pannulos lavassem.

Sic affecta pia mens sitit paupertatem,
Cibi parsimoniam, vestis vilitatem,
Labor ei vertitur in jucunditatem,
Vilem esse sæculi dicit venustatem.

Ergo sic infantiam Christi retexendo,
Horæ primæ canticum strenue canendo,
Transitum ad tertiam facit recolendo
Quantum Christus passus est, homines
docendo.

Tunc cum fletu recitat illius labores,
Sitim, famem, frigora, æstus et sudores,
Quæ dignanter pertulit propter peccatores,
Dum illorum voluit innovare mores.

Vox amoris flatibus tota concremata,
"Oci, oci" clamat avis hæc beata,
Mundo mori cupiens cujus via lata,
Cui fœtet sæculum, sic est delicata.

Clamans ergo : " Domine, dulcis prædicator,
Exulum refugium, pauperum amator,
Qui es pœnitentium pius consolator,
Post te debent currere justus et peccator.

Justi quippe regula, vitæ es doctrina,
Peccatorum speculum, mira disciplina,
Fessis et debilibus efficax resina,
Ægris et languentibus potens medicina.

Primus in hoc sæculo charitatis scholam
Instaurasti, quærere docens Dei solam
Gloriam, deponere gravem mundi molam,
Et sic posse perditam rehabere stolam.

Sed hanc scholam temere mundus irridebat,
Spernens et annihilans quidquid promittebat,
Tua vero bonitas vices non reddebat,
Immo pœnitentibus totum ignoscebat.

Quippe cui proprium erat misereri,
Diligi desiderans magis quam timeri,

Sed verba non verbera proferens, austeri
Præceptoris noluit more revereri.

Hæc in adulterio novit deprehensa,
Quam sit tua pietas, scilicet immensa,
Magdalena sensit hoc, quum ei offensa
Est dimissa, multiplex gratia impensa.

Et quid multa dicerem! quot sunt consecuti
Ejus magisterium a suis abluti
Vitiis sunt moribus optimis imbuti,
Et ab hostis invidi fraude facti tuti.

Felix cui licuit sub hoc præceptore
Conversari jugiter, et ab ejus ore
Mel cæleste sugere, cujus præ dulcore
Amarescunt cætera, plena sunt foetore.

Hæc et multa talia dum mens meditatur,
Ad reddendas gratias toto præparatur,
Ad laudandum Dominum magis inflammatur,
Sicque horæ tertiæ cantus terminatur.

"Oci, oci," anima clamat in hoc statu,
Crebro fundens lacrymas sub hoc incolatu,
Laudans et glorificans magno cum conatu
Christum, qui tot pertulit suo pro reatu.

In hoc hora anima ebria videtur,
Sed circa meridiem calor quum augetur
Ut amoris stimulis magis perforetur,
Mox ab illa passio Christi recensetur.

Plorans ergo respicit Agnum delicatum
Agnum sive macula, spinis coronatum,
Lividum verberibus, clavis perforatum,
Per tot loca lateris fossa cruentatum.

Tunc exclamat pia mens "oci" cum lamentis,
"Oci, oci, miseram, quia meæ mentis
Turbat statum pallidus vultus morientis,
Et languentes oculi in cruce pendentis.

Siccine decuerat (inquit) te benignum
Agnum mortis exitum pati tam indignum ?
Sed sic disposueras vincere malignum,
Et hoc totum factum est ob amoris signum.

Hæc amoris signa sunt, et postrema primis
Copulans associat, summa figens imis ;
Monstras et sic moriens nos animales nimis,
Dum te totum funderes tot apertis rimis.

Tu amicus novus es, tu es novum mustum,
Sic te vocat sapiens, et est satis justum ;

Totus enim filius reddens dulcem gustum,
Fundens carnis dolium, licet vas venustum.

Tantis signis pœnitens monitus jam credat,
Quod præcordialiter Christus ei se dat ;
Ista signa recolam, ne me Satan lædat,
Nam peccati rabiem nihil ita sedat.

Ista signa recolens "oci, oci" clamo,
Dulcis Jesu, querulor, quod te minus amo,
Stringi tamen cupio disciplinæ chamo,
Sicut pro me captus es charitatis hamo.

Quantum hamum charitas tibi præsentavit,
Mori quum pro homine te sollicitavit,
Sed et esca placida hamum occupavit,
Quum lucrari animas te per hoc monstravit.

Te quidem aculeus hami non latebat,
Sed illius punctio te non deterrebat,
Immo hunc impetere tibi complacebat,
Quia desiderium escæ attrahebat.

Ergo pro me misera quam tu dilexisti,
Mortis in aculeum sciens impegisti,
Quum te patri victimam sanctam obtulisti,
Et in tuo sanguine sordidam lavisti.

Quis miretur igitur pro te si suspiro,
Juncta sine meritis tam zelanti viro,
Nam affectum alit is meum modo miro,
Pro me vitam finiens exitu tam diro.

Vere jam non debeo tantum suspirare,
Immo, juxta verbum Job, crines lacerare,
In caverna lateris nidulum parare,
Et extremum spiritum illic exhalare.

Plane nisi moriar tecum, non quiescam,
“Oci, oci” clamitans nunquam conticescam,
Ab hoc desiderio vere non tepescam,
Quantumcunque sæculo propter hoc vilescam.”

Tunc ut demens clamitat : “veniant lanistæ,
Qui affigant miseram cruci tuæ, Christe,
Erit enim exitus mihi dulcis iste,
Sic amplector moriens propriis ulnis te.

Vere sic, non aliter, rabies doloris,
Qua cor meum singulis terebratur horis,
Deliniri poterit, nisi tu, dulcoris
Fons abundans, medicus mei sis doloris.

Plane dulcis medicus es, qui nunquam pungis,
Sed a corde vitium leniter emungis,

Nam quos tibi firmiter per amorem jungis,
Tuis charismatibus semper eos ungis.

Heu, quam damnabiliter mundus est cœcatus,
Qui cum sit ab hostibus dire vulneratus,
Hunc declinat medicum, quum assit paratus,
Languido aperiens suum dulce latus.

Heu, cur beneficia Christi passionis
Penes te memoriter homo non reponis ?
Per hanc enim rupti sunt laquei prædonis,
Per hanc Christus maximis te ditavit bonis.

Suo quippe corpore languidum te pavit,
Quem in suo sanguine gratis balneavit,
Demum suum dulce cor tibi denudavit,
Ut sic innotesceret, quantum te amavit.

O quam dulce balneum, esca quam suavis,
Quæ sumenti digne fit paradisi clavis,
Et ei quem reficis nullus labor gravis,
Licet sis fastidio cordibus ignavis.

Cor ignave siquidem minime perpendit,
Ad quid Christus optimum suum cor ostendit
Super alas positum crucis, nec attendit
Quod reclinatorii vices hoc prætendit.

Hoc reclinatorium quoties monstratur
Piæ menti, toties ei glutinatur,
Sicut et accipiter totus inescatur
Super carnem rubeam per quam revocatur.

Post hoc clamat anima quasi dementata :
“ O reclinatorium, caro cruentata
Per tot loca propter me, cur non vulnerata
Tecum sum ? dum moreris non sum colligata ?

Licet tamen miseræ sit istud negatum,
Mihi quidem eligam novum cruciatum,
Gemitum videlicet jugemque ploratum,
Donec mundi deseram gravem incolatum.”

Post hæc dulcis anima plus et plus ferverescens,
Sensu toto deficit, corpore tabescens,
Jam vix loqui sufficit, sed affectu crescens,
Suo lecto decubat, utpote languescens.

Ergo dulcis gutturis organo quassato,
Lingua tamen palpitans sonitu sublato,
Sed pro verbis pia mens, fletu compensato,
Lamentatur Dominum corde sauciato.

Sic languenti siquidem nil nisi plorare
Libet, et satagere corde suspirare,

Suos enim oculos nescit revocare
A Christi vulneribus, aut cor separare.

Sic est autem animus illius illectus,
Quasi ei præsens sit moriens dilectus,
Et a cruce minime retrahit aspectus,
Quia ibi oculus ubi est affectus.

Gemitus, suspiria, lacrymæ, lamenta
Sibi sunt delicia, cibus, alimenta;
Quibus nova martyr est interim inventa,
Sic suo martyrio præbent incrementa.

In hoc statu respuit quidquid est terrenum,
Mundique solatium reputat venenum,
Sed ad nonam veniens, moritur ad plenum,
Quum amoris impetus carnis rumpit frenum.

Nam quum " consummatum est " recolit clam-
asse

Hora nona Dominum et sic expirasse,
Quasi simul moriens clamat penetrasse
Vocem istam suum cor atque lacerasse.

Ferre tandem impotens jaculum tam forte,
Moritur, ut dictum est, sed felici morte;

Nam panduntur protinus ei cœli portæ,
Dignam ut intelligat se sanctorum sorte.

Requiem pro anima tali non cantamus,
Immo est introitus missæ " Gaudeamus,"
Quia si pro martyre Deum exoramus,
Ut decretum loquitur, sancto derogamus.

Eja dulcis anima, eja dulcis rosa,
Lilium convallium, gemma speciosa,
Cui carnis fœditas extitit exosa,
Felix tuus exitus morsque pretiosa.

Felix, quæ jam frueris requie cupita
Inter sponsi brachia dulciter sopita,
Ejusque spiritui firmiter unita,
Ab eodem percipis oscula mellita.

Jam quiescunt oculi, cessant aquæductus,
Nam aperte percipis spei tuæ fructus,
Quia per quem sæculi evasisti fluctus
Tuos inter oscula consolatur luctus.

Dic, dic, dulcis anima, ad quid ultra fleres?
Habens cœli gaudium tecum, cur lugeres?
Nam solus est omnium, cui tu adhæres,
Et si velles amplius certe non haberes.

Sed jam metrum finio ne sim tædiosus,
Nam si vellem scribere, quam deliciosus
Sit hic status animæ quamque gloriosus,
A malignis dicerer fallax et mendosus.

Quidquid tamen alii dicunt, frater chare,
Istam novam martyrem libens imitare,
Quumque talis fueris, Christum deprecare,
Ut te cantus martyrum doceat cantare.

Frequentemus canticum istud, soror pia,
Ne nos frangat tædio vitæ hujus via,
Nam lætantem animam in hac melodia,
Post hanc vitam suscipit Jesus et Maria.

Ergo, soror, tuum cor ita citharizet,
Se baptizet lacrymis, planctu martyrizet,
Christo totis viribus sic nunc organizet,
Ut cum Christo postea semper solemnizet.

Tunc cessabit gemitus et planctus dolorum,
Quum adjuncta fueris choris angelorum,
Nam cantando transies ad cœlestem chorum,
Nupta felicissima Regi sæculorum.

I have ventured to ascribe this poem to John of Hoveden instead of to St. Bonaventure, under whose name it has commonly appeared. I have done so mainly on the authority of the Benedictine Boston, monk of St. Edmundsbury in 1410, who, in his "Catalogum Scriptorum Ecclesiae," the result of a minute investigation into the monastic and collegiate libraries of England, mentions the "Philomela," of which he quotes the first line, as the production of John of Hoveden. This writer, we are informed by Pitts' "De Illustr. Angl. Scriptor.," having been chaplain to Eleanor, Edward I.'s queen, retired from court to Hoveden, in Yorkshire, where he devoted himself to pastoral work. "From either Testament he gathered such texts as he judged would most avail for the instruction of the common people; and, being a musician, and no mean poet, he employed himself in spiritual verses, setting his sweet measures to the lyre and other instruments; . . . and, as Boston of Bury writes, he composed many books to God's glory and the laud of the saints for the most part in the French style ("Gallice," elsewhere "metris Gallicis,") gathering, as he did, the flowers from either Testament from which he wrought." Then follows Boston's list of his works. "He is said to have died and been buried in the year of grace 1275, and after his death he became illustrious for his miracles."

Leland, too, "De Scriptor. Britan.," at the end of his account of Roger of Hoveden, the chronicler, mentions

John, "whose rhymed song called the 'Philomela' is extant."

In the Prolegomena to the edition of St. Bonaventure, (Venice, 1751), the "Philomena" is rejected as supposititious. The editor impregnated, though a Franciscan, with the formal taste of the eighteenth century, could see nothing desirable in these verses "insulsa, hiulca, frigida, incompta," as he calls them; and he is only too glad that Fabricius (Bibl. Med. et Infim. Latin.) should, on Bale's authority,* pass them on "Joanni nescio cui Hovedano dicto."

The poem has been translated into Italian and Spanish in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and twice within the last quarter of a century into German. Its translation was the last literary effort of Cardinal Diepenbroch, and one of the consolations of his death-bed; with a running commentary, as he prettily tells us, in the voices of two nightingales from the garden beneath his window. Its first appearance amongst St. Bonaventure's works, it would appear from Wadding (Scriptor. Min.), is in a list given by Marianus Florentinus, in his "Chronicon," written towards the close of the fifteenth century, i. e. nigh upon a century after its attribution to Hoveden by Boston, on documentary evidence.

As to internal evidence, sufficient materials for any adequate judgment are not yet forthcoming. I know of no poem of St. Bonaventure's of *undisputed* authenticity;

* Bale has no word of the Philomela in his account of John of Hoveden, ed. 1548.

and of John of Hoveden's other poems I have no other information than that afforded by the Catalogue in Pits. Still I venture to think that the attribution to Hoveden will explain one difficulty in stanza 2, "*voce dulcis lyræ.*" Hoveden was a lutanist, writing with a view to a lute accompaniment, and had already written a work entitled "*Lyra Dulcissona.*"

"Philomena" was used for "Philomela" very commonly during the middle ages (see Glossar. Lat. et Gall. an 1348, Glossar. Nov. Sup. ad Ducange). We find it in England as late as 1576, Gascoigne, "*The Stele Glas.*" "*O Phylomene, then help me for to chaunt.*"

One of the earliest and fullest accounts of Phylomene's name and music is probably the following from Albertus Magnus (*De Animal. Lib. 23*, with which we may compare Ford's "*Music's First Martyr*," and Crashaw's "*Music's Duel:*"—"Philomena avis est parva, nota, dicta a philos et menos, quod dulce sonat, quia amat cantus dulces. Vel dicitur a philos et mene: quia quum cum alia contendit cantu, potius vitam quam cantum victa deponit: parva est corpore, sed magna spiritus vivacitate: hoc est quia mirabilem modulatum et multiplicem edit sonum: qui nunc continuo spiritu trahitur in longum, nunc variatur quasi spiritu vocis inflexæ, nunc distinguitur sono conciso, et tunc copulatur quasi spiritu retorto: et est plenus, gravis, acutus, creber, extensus, exaltatus, et depressus; omnia fere representans musicorum instrumenta. De hoc ave expertus sum, quod advolat ad cantantes si bene cantant: et dum cantant auscultat tacens: et postea quasi vincere nitens, recantat et respondet: et

hoc modo etiam seipsos invicem provocant ad cantandum. De hoc ave Plinius falsum dicit, quod videlicet postquam coierit, deponat vocem et mutet colorem : quia nos sæpe vidimus eam canentem dum adhuc sederit in ovis."

